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VOLUME LVI

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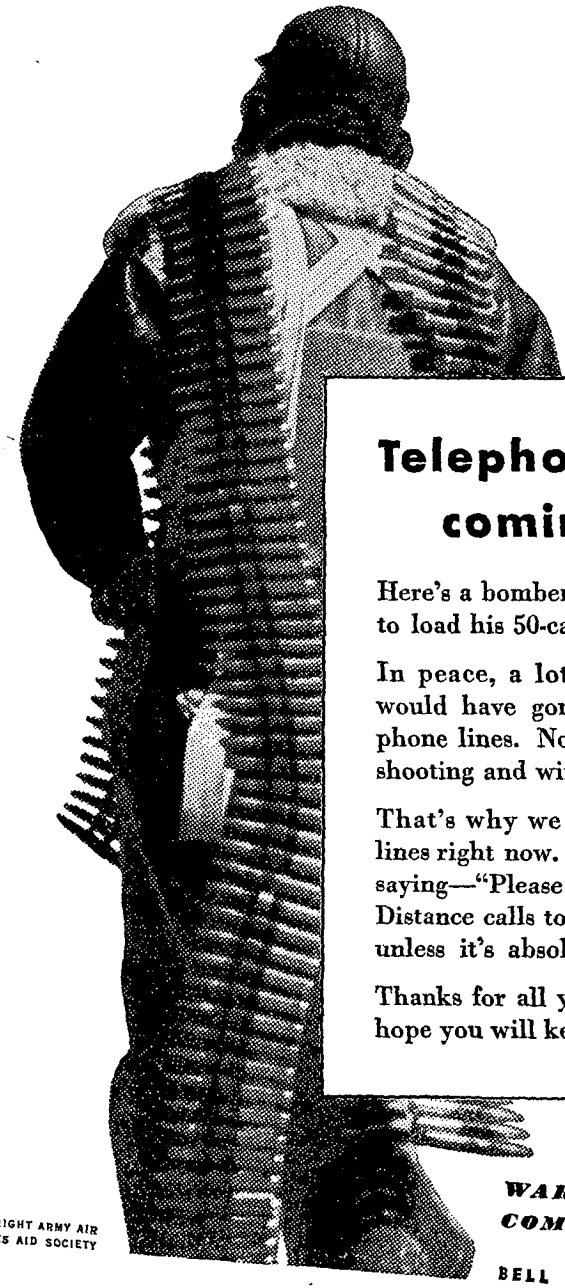

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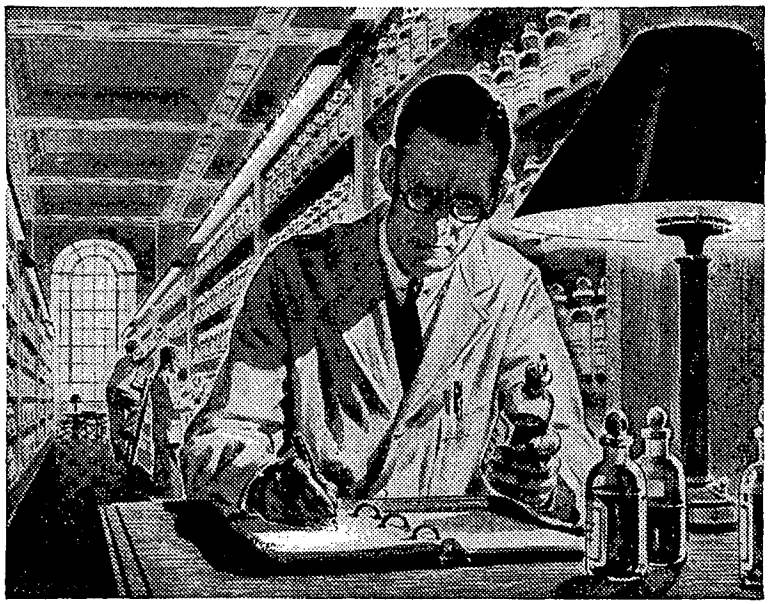

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VOLUME LVI FEBRUARY, 1943 NUMBER 230

The American
MERCURY

OUR GOVERNMENT'S CASE FOR EXPEDIENCY

By Kingsbury Smith

LET'S put it bluntly: the war policy of the United States Government is to *win*, as cheaply and as quickly as possible. The desired military end is the destruction of the German and Japanese war machines; and the men who are directing our effort are not disposed to waste American lives and time attempting to settle European political quarrels in the midst of the conflict. Before our armies made our first offensive move into North Africa, Lieutenant General Mark Clark went ahead to treat with anybody who wanted to fight on our side. As far as I can determine in Washington, this is the plan to be followed in the future, with one important qualification.

Kingsbury Smith is a veteran Washington correspondent who has been covering the State Department for many years. His article on "The American Plan for a Reorganized World" in the November Mercury attracted wide attention as the first summary of State Department purposes. In this article, Mr. Smith presents what he considers, on excellent authority, the basic policy of State and War Department leaders on problems like the one involved in our deal with the late Darlan. We hope to publish other views on this subject, which is certain to be increasingly discussed as policy is translated into action. — The Editors.

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Our Government dealt with the late Admiral Darlan for France and its Empire. There are most likely to be deals with other Darlans in the other conquered and Axis-dominated countries. The only time our policy is likely to be qualified is when we reach Germany. In Germany, as I understand it, we will refuse to deal with any member of the Hitler gang, but we will deal at any time with any responsible element ready to overthrow the Nazis and to *disarm the German Army*. We will treat with the Prussian Junkers, for instance, if and when they are ready, but no deal will be made which will leave arms in German hands.

Both the State and War Departments are anxious at this stage to avoid having postwar political problems hamper the progress of the military effort. There is a determined insistence that the two things do not go together; that solution of postwar problems and solution of immediate military problems are not necessarily related processes; and that the methods of one need not become the methods of the other. The ethics of war-making employed by the Axis leave little room for us to wage a "gentlemen's war." We are teaching our soldiers, by necessity, to "fight dirty." Our Marines, perforce, must machine-gun Japs who are waving the white flag, since that has been used as a decoy. Modern war is kill or be killed, so Washington's attitude is that we must destroy our enemies with the weapons at hand, and reserve the morality aspects for the peace table.

Winning the war — and winning it at the least possible cost in American lives — is the first objective of Washington strategy. Spreading the Four Freedoms around the world is something we would like to see done after the Axis has been defeated.

There has been much criticism of the Darlan affair and the general policy of expediency. The criticism probably will mount in fury as further deals develop. We already have dealt with the Turkish dictatorship and are sending lend-lease goods into that fence-straddling country. We were one of the first governments to recognize the Franco régime in Spain; we are sending food into Spain now; and we probably will deal with Franco even further if conditions permit. In Italy, we stand ready to deal with any leader — other than Mussolini — who will help open the gates to our armies and the same goes for Hungary and the Balkan countries. A number of people with political histories no more edifying

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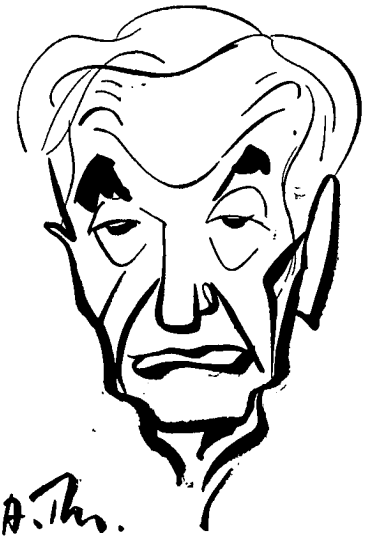
than Darlan's may have to be used to hasten the collapse of Axis resistance, and our government will not be too squeamish in using them where the stakes, in lives and time, warrant it.

The spectacle of an American army advancing with gold in one hand and the sword in the other, and using the sword only when gold and realistic diplomacy are ineffective, is not one to horrify the present moulders of our war policy. We are quite willing to use American gold in every place where it will save American blood.



Cordell Hull

II

Because the Darlan deal has been discussed so widely, and because it will serve as a predicate for further deals, the American people need to understand all aspects of it. The purely military aspects are of first importance.

Our pre-invasion dealings had been with General Henri Giraud. He was the officer who was going to try to open the gates. But General Giraud had his handicaps. He had no official power and had to rely only upon the high esteem in which he was held by other French officers. His most serious handicap was that *he did not have control of French communications in North Africa.* When General Eisenhower and our troops arrived, they made two quick discoveries. They had met much stronger resistance than had been expected; and they found Admiral Darlan visiting his stricken son in Algiers.

Nowhere in Washington is it believed that Darlan's being in Algiers was anything more than a most fortunate accident. The deal with Darlan had not been planned; it was made on the spot by General Eisenhower for the very practical purpose of eliminating a resistance which threatened the success of the entire African enterprise. Darlan had the authority. He had been named publicly by Marshal Petain

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as his successor. And, most important of all, Darlan had control of the communications, and could halt the blood-letting with a word. In such a spot, General Eisenhower did not hesitate to deal with the man who had the power to deliver.

The proof of Eisenhower's judgment is in cold figures. Thousands of American boys who were marked down as expendable casualties for the expedition today are alive and fighting. Native Moroccan troops who fight to the death and know no law except the command of their French officers are saluting those American boys instead of pouring lead into them from behind some sand dune. America's first great land offensive is, at this writing, two months ahead of schedule. A French African Army two hundred thousand strong is being mobilized to support it. Vital French African bases are available to us. Most of the French Fleet is sunk and safe from German hands and the remaining units of the fleet are being readied to join our forces.

Had it not been for Darlan's cooperation, our high command believes we might still be fighting a desert war with the French. It is the conviction of our highest officials that in such an event the Germans would have been able to fortify themselves in all of Tunisia, and our whole African campaign might have been made infinitely more expensive. Military estimates of the casualties we would have suffered had the French continued to resist run as high as fifty thousand. Indeed, some authorities contend that our whole expedition might have been thrown back into the sea had the resistance been all-out. It is estimated that it would have cost us fifteen thousand casualties alone to have taken the strongly fortified naval base at Dakar, which, with Darlan's help, was placed at our disposal without shedding a drop of blood.

It needs to be recalled that General Charles De Gaulle, the resolute leader of the Fighting French, tried to take Dakar earlier in the war. He was assisted by a powerful British force, but the force was repelled with heavy losses. Landing of troops on a hostile shore is the most difficult of all military operations and the American troops who forced the landings at Oran, Casablanca and Algiers are thankful that the resistance was no stronger. It is a certainty that those troops are the firmest supporters of our Darlan policy.

Our idealists may object vociferously to accepting the aid of a former leader of Vichy, but from the point of view of our military au-

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thorities and the government, Darlan delivered the goods.

Besides the advantages gained in the initial landing operations by dealing with Darlan, valuable time was saved by our being able to take over a section with an intact civilian government. Had our armies had to overthrow the local government, our forces would have faced the problem of reorganization and restoring order before we could have taken up the pursuit of the enemy. We would have had to use our own soldier labor to unload ships and build and repair roads, whereas today these tasks are being handled by French and native labor and our soldiers are freed for more important tasks. Our engineers would have had the job of restoring municipal utilities, perhaps building new power plants, and we would have had to police the whole vast area.

Military authorities point out that there is a vast difference in taking over a country that is organized, policed and friendly, and in taking over a country that has been disorganized by resistance and defeat, and through which all supply lines must be guarded against guerilla operations.

When you apply to the affair a little of the horse sense that marks the wisdom of an elder statesman reared in the realism of Tennessee mountain folk, it simply boils down to this:

If you are engaged in a death struggle with a desperado down a strange alley and a husky of somewhat questionable character happens along and lends you a helping hand, you would be an idiot if you stopped to argue with him about his past. When the fight is over and you've dusted off your clothes, you may not decide to make the man head of your Sunday School class, but you'll be mighty glad he happened along when he did.

The usually restrained Secretary of State has coined a phrase for those who quarrel with such reasoning. He calls them "Hosanna Shouters." On the other side of Executive Avenue in Washington, the Tennessee mountaineer reasoning is expressed in terms of an old Balkan proverb. In effect, the proverb has it that in time of extreme danger children may walk with the devil until the tempest is over.

III

Now what are the specific charges of the critics of this policy of expediency as exemplified in the Darlan deal? The criticism has come, in the main, from two sources: from the De Gaullist

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government in England and from those persons both in this country and in England who contend that we have broken faith with De Gaulle and thus with the entire "free" movement in Europe.

The critics begin by damning Darlan and asserting that the French people would have preferred to have seen him hanged by the American Army. In reply, Mr. Hull and his associates refuse to attempt to whitewash Darlan, but the State Department does suspect that some of those critics who assailed our Vichy policy then found themselves out on a limb when we reaped the benefits of that policy in North Africa — and that those critics are now trying to ease their way back down the tree by painting as black a picture as possible of Darlan.

An impartial view of Darlan's record doesn't show him to have been quite the Devil Incarnate that the idealists would have us believe he was. It is true that in his political philosophy he was more autocratic than democratic. It is also true that he was responsible for repressive measures against the underground movement of resistance in France. Likewise true was his hatred for the British and his anti-communism. But in fairness to his Vichy record, officials recall that he played an important rôle in keeping the French Fleet out of Axis hands for two years. He lost his job as head of the Vichy government because he refused German demands for closer collaboration. The Nazis forced Petain to replace him as Premier with Laval. Darlan personally signed the standing order under which the naval officers at Toulon scuttled the fleet.

It can be argued that Darlan should have taken the fleet out of Toulon and joined the Allies. That he failed to do so is regrettable, but he had his reasons and, wise or not, they were neither pro-Nazi nor anti-American; they were simply pro-French as he saw it. It must be borne in mind that Darlan and Petain were thinking of France itself rather than anybody else. Their judgment may have been wrong. It certainly was wrong when they signed the armistice instead of moving to Africa and continuing the fight. But at that time, it looked to them as though Britain would collapse soon and there was no reason to believe that America was coming into the war. They were trying to save something out of defeat. Petain and Darlan had to make pledges to the Germans as well as to us about maintaining neutrality and they felt that the honor of France was involved in

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those pledges. They had to promise the Germans they would resist us, just as they promised us they would not turn African bases over to the Germans.

Again let it be emphasized that Washington makes no attempt to whitewash Darlan, but there is no point in assuming that there is only one side to the picture.

Perhaps the main argument advanced against the deal with the late Darlan was that the action would not be understood in France and might discourage the underground movement. A Frenchman, it is pointed out, is not going to risk his life working with the underground if he thinks the allies are likely to make a deal with some Nazi-controlled puppet government. The possible psychological effect of such compromises with idealism is feared by the Fighting French. One Fighting French officer compared Darlan to a former jail warden, and said that it was natural for the French people to fear their former jailer.

Official Washington understands the logic of this argument, but it also feels that the French people are realistic enough to keep their eyes on the chief goal — the defeat of Nazi Germany. When Germany is defeated, the French will be freed from their prison and there need be no further question of wardens.

There is evidence that the French people did understand the deal with Darlan. A copy of *Franc Tireur*, an underground paper with at least one hundred thousand readers, has reached London. Printed prior to Darlan's assassination, it expressed editorial delight with "the conduct of the Admiral of the Fleet." "An Army in war," it said, "has to accept for strategical reasons the cooperation of even the most suspect of people. The French people are neither blind nor deaf. They will know who gave us victory."

IV

It is interesting to note that some of the persons who attacked the Darlan deal most loudly are the same ones who have resented any idealistic discussion of Russia's part in the war. They said that we should have had nothing to do with Darlan because of his "autocratic and fascist past." In other words, we should accept no help from anyone who has dealt with the Nazis during this war or who has totalitarian leanings himself. On this basis, we should be forced to quit dealing with several persons, including Josef Stalin. Darlan certainly was no more of a fascist than Stalin was a totalitarian communist.

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The American people were far more shocked by some of the things in Josef Stalin's past than in Darlan's. Nothing Darlan ever did caused the democracies so much grief as the Stalin-Hitler pact in 1939 — the act which touched off the war. Yet we gladly made a deal with Stalin when events placed him on our side in the conflict. And he didn't come over to us voluntarily, but was forced into bed with us by the German invasion. Nor was the deal with the Soviets any temporary expedient. It developed into a mutual pledge of co-operation, not only for the war, but in the postwar world as well. We seem pretty happy about having Stalin as our ally and none are happier than the ones who are shouting loudest about the deal with Darlan.

Stalin, incidentally, being a realist himself, was not slow in giving the approval of silence to the Darlan deal. The Soviets were concerned in the deal for two reasons: Darlan was fiercely anti-Red and they did not want him to jockey himself into a position of power in postwar Europe; and further, the Soviets had recognized the Fighting French organization as the "only one qualified to organize the participation in the war of French citizens and territories." So, the moment the Darlan deal was announced, the Soviet Government asked for "clarification" in both London and Washington. A brief explanation was sufficient for the Russians. They understood. They have said nothing further.

The most persistent opposition to the deal came from certain factions in England. This is understandable, both because of De Gaulle's extensive support there, and because of Darlan's advertised hatred for the British. The prospect of having a violent Anglophobe at the helm of a liberated France hardly could be pleasant to England.

Admiral William D. Leahy, when he was ambassador to Vichy, once reported that Darlan was psychopathically anti-British. Darlan was convinced that the British ran out on France at Dunkirk. His dislike of them developed into hatred when they opened fire on French warships at Oran. The abortive British attempt to take Dakar with the aid of the Fighting French incensed him.

However, after his arrangements with Eisenhower he indicated a willingness to forget the past and to co-operate even with Britain against the Axis. He then went further and had the Governor General of French West Africa announce over the Dakar radio that "no dispute separates us any longer

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from the British." That was on December 13 and it was no small concession from the French naval base which had been so embittered by the British attack in 1940.

Darlan's being in North Africa came as a great surprise to the British. It is said that the first the British knew of the deal was when President Roosevelt telephoned the news to Mr. Churchill. Churchill was enough of a military man to recognize the advantages of the move, so he announced that he was the President's "lieutenant" in the whole affair. The pressure of his public opinion caused him to send Mr. Eden into Parliament to explain that Britain had not been committed to recognizing Darlan as head of any French Government.

In summary, the American Government's position in respect to Africa is that it welcomes the support of every Frenchman who wants to fight the Axis. It does not want to have to settle the political differences of Frenchmen as a prerequisite to their joining the Allied cause, especially not at the cost of American lives. That is why the State Department, after Darlan's death, sought the unification of all groups, including the Fighting French, behind the military leadership of General Giraud.

The factor about the Darlan affair which makes it of such overriding importance in this country is that it is the first of several such hurdles which must be crossed on our way to victory. The men who lead our armies must make bold, summary decisions, not in the light of ideals but in the light of military realities. Such decisions cannot be submitted to Gallup polls, but must be made on the spot.

In Italy, in the Balkans, in Hungary, in Austria, in Scandinavia and the Lowlands, even in Germany itself, there will be the ever-present question of whose hands shall we support. Our State and War Departments are determined upon a policy. They are convinced that the safest policy for this Government to follow is one of military expediency. *Until Germany is disarmed*, we will deal with those who want to help destroy the enemy; we will hold up the hands of those who have the most to give to the common battle.

When the victory has been won; when our enemies have been disarmed, then will be the time for political argument; for the choosing of leaders and the establishment of permanent régimes; for the seeking of support for the Four Freedoms. Such, at least, is the prevailing Washington view today.

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NORFOLK — OUR WORST WAR TOWN

By J. Blan van Urk

We rode through the narrow streets of Norfolk's old red light district in a scout car. As we passed block after block of decaying two-story houses, our host, the cop, talked honestly of the headaches in handling forty thousand sailors and multiplied thousands of new shipbuilding war workers.

"Norfolk's always been a sailor town," he explained, "and here's how we took care of the boys up until a year ago. We had about four hundred prostitutes in here. They kept up the property and paid taxes on it. They weren't allowed out of the district at night. Each girl had to get a health certificate every week, and when a sailor came up with a disease, the Navy told us where he got it and we took the rotten apple out of the barrel. In that way we kept things under control.

"The sailors liked it that way. They could get stewed, yell and dance, then get out in the street and fight to their heart's content. All we had to do was pick 'em up in the Navy wagons and take 'em back down to the base. If a sailor had been rolled, he gave us the address and we went back and got his money for him. It was a good system. The Navy liked it because it kept the disease rate down. The sailors liked it. And we officers liked it because we could control it that way.

"But last year, the Navy men

The author, having investigated wartime conditions in congested defense towns on the Eastern seaboard, reports his findings in the nation's number one war zone: the Norfolk-Portsmouth-Newport News area. Similar conditions prevail in varying degrees in other zones he visited, as well as in boom areas in other sections of the country. This article on Norfolk is therefore in the nature of a "case study." Its purpose is not to blame or condemn anyone but to focus attention on facts which cannot be — and should not be — ignored. The first Norfolk visit, by Mr. van Urk, took place last June; a check for the Mercury was made by William Bradford Huie in November. In the intervening five months, the situation had become notably worse.

— The Editors.

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came down and told us we had to close the district up. We had to use *suppression* for the duration. We argued with 'em, but we agreed to do our damnedest. And God knows we've tried. We've put women in jail by the hundreds. But you can look for yourself and see the results."

We did, and with the aid of the police and the City Manager's office, we took a good look at the problems of the Norfolk district, which has gained 100 percent in population within a few months to become the nation's number one boom section. In 1940, Norfolk had 144,332 people, but now there are 275,000, because of the feverish expansion of shipbuilding and of the armed forces. The population of the whole Norfolk-Portsmouth-Newport News area has jumped from 366,817 to 778,000. War workers keep pouring in to build the ships and the sailors keep pouring in to learn to man them.

Here is a city of headaches — literally and figuratively. The Marines and sailors have landed, but the situation is *not* well in hand. Demand is far beyond supply in almost everything bearing upon life in a whirling, confused war town. Since the Government houses and supplies the sailors, they contribute chiefly to the entertainment, transportation and law enforcement problems, while the thousands of war workers contribute to the whole problem of civic welfare: housing, sanitation, disease control, and food and water supply.

II

Women, "wine," and the galloping dominoes, of course, are the principal law enforcement problems. Fashions in wars may change, but the nocturnal objectives of a twenty-year-old boy in a sailor suit remain pretty constant. Every night is Saturday night in Norfolk, because about twelve thousand sailors come to town *every* night. We stood with the cop and watched them start piling out of staggering buses about five o'clock. We followed the bobbing white caps to the liquor store. The line was already two blocks long and the fellows up front were doing a land-office commission business on purchases they agreed to make for mates not in line.

"There's the first problem," the cop said. "How late to keep the state liquor stores open. If we close them early, the taxi drivers and the joint keepers sell the state stuff to the boys at two prices. If we keep the stores open late, some folks say that we are making it easy for

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the boys to buy it. The other night we seized two thousand pints in one raid."

From the liquor store, the sea of white caps flowed toward Norfolk's East Main Street, the almost exclusive range of the sailor from 5 P.M. until midnight. East Main must be the largest, most solid block of beer joints in the world. The joints are all alike. Up front they have a big bar in the center, with vast hamburger facilities along both walls. Back of the bar, facing to the rear, is a gargoyle of a juke box which renders *Pass the Ammunition* and *Der Führer's Face* in monotonous repetition. Then, stretching back as far as a hundred yards, is a dimly-lit space devoted to tables, stalls and coin-operated "shooting" devices. Hovering everywhere are "waitresses" of all sizes, shapes and dispositions.

We bought the cop a beer. "Are most of these women sluts?" one of us asked him.

"Sure," he answered. "They pick up what they can get and work with the cab drivers. We used to let them dance with the sailors in here and they drank for the house and made a little money that way. Now we've cut out the dancing and the house drinking and all the joint owners are sore at us. They pay the gals about three dollars a week for hopping the tables and the gals pick up what they can on the side."

We watched the operation of Norfolk's taxicab racket. It is the sort of thing that the law finds most difficult to stop. The city has about three hundred cabs, but it is almost impossible to hire one for ordinary purposes after dark. The cab driver "works with" several "waitresses"; and also "works with" certain stockades outside the city limits, as well as with his own particular gambling connection. In addition, he sells a few pints of liquor at double prices, and all in all, he counts it a bad night when he does not wind up with forty or fifty dollars.

"There seems to be nothing we can do about this cab situation," the cop said. "You can't arrest a gal just for riding in a cab with a man. We've made all sorts of observations of these cabs. At night, they almost always have one woman in them — when they don't have a woman and a man. Some of the cab drivers will duck into an alley, stop, and 'take a walk' for five minutes. Some of them don't even bother to stop. What can we do in such a situation? There are thousands of women in this town. Two thousand new faces come into this section every day."

The most elemental form of pros-

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titution thrives in the alley. Our cop took us down a side street until we saw a Negro girl loitering at the entrance to an alley. She dashed back when the cop pulled his flashlight. "Come on, we'll find her place," the cop said. We walked back into the alley until the flashlight pointed out a quilt spread on the brick pavement between two garbage cans. An old coca-cola sign leaning against one of the cans was the only attempt at privacy.

"I feel sorry for the boys every time I catch one of them in a spot like that," the cop commented. "He always complains that he doesn't have any place to go. I chuck him in the Shore Patrol wagon and take the wench to jail."

The Norfolk war price for such alley service is "fo'bits," a 100 percent inflationary increase over peacetime.

In the center of the East Main pub district stands the most popular attraction of all. It is Norfolk's one and only burlesque house and the sturdiest members of the Navy's Shore Patrol have to ride herd on the line waiting for admission each night. We fought our way in. Miss Rose La Rose, the poor man's Gypsy Rose Lee, was the star attraction and we can report that Miss La Rose is nothing short of a riot with the Navy.

When we got out of the theater, the sailors were yelling: "Taxi! Taxi!"

"Now you can understand one of the things we're up against," the cop said.

III

Norfolk's chief of police, Major John F. Woods, is a young, capable, FBI-trained law officer. He said to us: "In peacetime, I believe in a segregated district for prostitution, but this is wartime and we are committed to a program of suppression. With the aid the Shore Patrol is giving me, I think I could come close to suppressing prostitution in the City of Norfolk if I only had adequate prison facilities for the women. We have good laws and the courts and city government are behind us solidly. We can put a woman up for a year. But where? Our city jail is equipped to handle about thirty women, which is plenty of space in normal times. The place is running over. I have asked the Government to give me a concentration camp. I think it would take a camp large enough to handle two or three thousand women. If we had such a camp, we could throw every prostitute who dares to enter this town into it for the duration, and we could stop prostitution and

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cut the venereal rate in Norfolk. But without that, I don't know what we can do except keep trying."

We visited the jail. Five and six women were cooped up in every cell and there were no beds at all for many of them. The city has a prison farm, but conditions are just as crowded there.

"These women know that every time we put a new batch of them in we have to let another batch out," the cop explained. "We put them in here and the health department renders them noninfectious, then we have to let them out so we'll have room for others."

Major Woods has proposed the concentration camp idea to the FBI. That such a plan, however, would have to be administered by the Federal Government becomes obvious by further study of the Norfolk situation. The city government is earnestly opposed to the forces which injure the health of both the service men and the war workers. But the Norfolk County government, apparently, is making less of an effort, for the moment you pass the Norfolk city limits you run into the most blatant forms of gambling and prostitution.

The beer joints in Norfolk close at midnight and it is then that the sailors jam the taxicabs and head for the big dives out in the county which cater to both sailors and defense workers. We visited some of these palaces of sin with our police escort. There are several types of them, the most interesting of which is the "service man's stockade." These stockades are built like the old frontier forts. The one we examined had fifty upstairs bedrooms around the square, with automobile parking space underneath. The entrance, guarded by a gate and strong-arm bouncers, was barely wide enough to admit a car. In the center of the stockade was a flat, rambling structure which served for drinking, dancing, gambling and assignation. The slot machines were various types of one-armed bandits and the dice were bucked against a board. We were told that the bedrooms were in continuous use.

Recently, Major Woods has taken advantage of a law which gives him the right to raid places within a mile of the city limits, and he has raided several such stockades with the aid of the Shore Patrol. But the Norfolk County administration does not approve of such actions by city officers. We were told that Norfolk County has only three law enforcement officers to patrol the whole vast district.

The biggest gamblers operating

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in Norfolk County do not allow service men in their places. Thus they avoid the danger of raids by the Shore Patrol and they concentrate on the war workers who have much more money to lose than the service men. We visited one barn in which there must have been $20,000 in cash visible and as much as five hundred dollars rode on a single throw of the dice. There are no fancy gambling installations in any of these Norfolk County houses. Nor are there any card games. Everything is dice and the play is either on the floor or on a flat table with a bucking board. There are big-time gambling installations at Virginia Beach, but these are run periodically and are frequented chiefly by officers.

IV

Next to the law enforcement problem, housing offers the most difficulties. There are approximately forty thousand civilian workers in the Navy Yard now as against twelve thousand in normal times. At the Newport News shipyards, the increase has been from four thousand to twenty-four thousand. The Naval Base, still in the process of construction, hires about thirty thousand civilian employees.

In one place on York Street, there are twenty-one persons living in an eleven-room house with but one bath and one toilet, which empties through a pipe into a bucket on the lower floor. There is no heating unit in this fifty-five-year-old house, and yet each occupant pays seven dollars rent per week. Miss Sue Slaughter, director of the Family Welfare Association, gave other examples of the housing problem. A house in which forty persons live has for its only sanitary facilities two tubs and two toilets, one of which does not work. The cellar is filled with water.

The "sublet racket" takes thousands of dollars from the war workers. Six houses, in which 161 persons live, bring in more than $350 a week through shrewd subletting. Tenants in the houses are afraid to make complaints, because the woman who leases the rooms has threatened them with eviction. A case worker for the association told of one house where seven persons live in one room containing two single beds. In the same house, a family of four lives in one room which has only a three-quarter bed. "Hot beds" go for as high as $2.50 a shift in the tenement district. These are beds which are yours for twelve hours and someone else's for twelve hours.

Rent ceilings are easy to evade.

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It would take an army of inflation inspectors to stop all the various dodges which landlords use. A small single room jumped from $9 per week to $22.50 in three months. "Most tenants have children, and if they had to move, they would be stranded with no place to live," said Miss Slaughter. One property owner defended exorbitant rentals by saying, "If dwellings here were rented by public auction instead of privately, we'd get more rent than we do now."

The Norfolk city government, as well as the Federal authorities, are doing all that is possible to relieve the housing situation. What can be done has to be governed by the twin shortages of labor and materials. In trying to meet the present demand for housing and more housing, Norfolk faces a grim prospect after the war is over. Colonel Charles E. Borland, Norfolk's fighting City Manager, is well aware of this. "If the city builds to accommodate the emergency population, then it will be left high and dry with only a possible twenty-five thousand additional permanent residents over and above what our population was at the beginning of the war," he said.

The Norfolk Health Commissioner, Dr. J. C. Sleet, is concerned about the possibility of a disease epidemic because of health conditions. "The first problem is the people we have to work with," he said. "Many of them have never seen a bathtub and know nothing of plumbing. And many of them have never been vaccinated." As in all of its public services, the city government is handicapped by being unable to hire health inspectors and nurses. To handle sixteen clinics, Norfolk has four white nurses and one Negro nurse, and has been unable to hire additional help. Norfolk has two restaurant inspectors to cover 1,100 constantly crowded public eating places. The city would like to hire more inspectors, but cannot. The restaurants are filthy. The owners readily admit it, but they cannot hire any help and restaurants are being closed because of this lack of labor.

Norfolk has two milk inspectors and the milk situation is as bad as possible. The normal demand of eight thousand gallons a day now runs to forty thousand gallons. Deliveries are made every forty-eight hours by the harassed producers, who cannot hire labor. This skipping of a day in deliveries is creating trouble in the tenement and Negro districts where there is little refrigeration.

For a while, Norfolk was forced to ration water and prohibit the

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sprinkling of lawns and the washing of automobiles. The water demand jumped from thirteen million gallons a day to thirty million and there was a period when a serious fire might have been disastrous. But new mains have been laid rapidly and new sources tapped, so that the water crisis has been passed successfully.

The authorities have tried with only partial success to prevent unfair price rises. The food index in Norfolk rose 26.7 percent against an 18.6 per cent rise for other cities, while the clothing index rose 27.3 per cent in Norfolk as against 23.6 per cent in an average of comparable cities. A drink of water has sold for five cents and there has been some gypping on beer, soft drink and tobacco prices, but this is being held under control.

The onus for all the unhealthy, confused, inept and "shocking" conditions in Norfolk cannot be placed at the feet of any one group or agency. The plain facts are that Norfolk is swamped and bulging with humanity — legitimate and illegitimate followers of war activity. It is not only America's number one war center, but the country's number one potential epidemic center. In discussing Norfolk's problems, one city official lifted his hands in a gesture of resignation and said: "We need more government help, and still more government help, to assist us in combatting the extraordinary conditions brought on by the tremendous influx of war workers, Navy men and transients to our city."

Norfolk seems to have a progressive, honest city government, functioning as efficiently as it can under conditions where it cannot hire men for its police force nor doctors and nurses for its health department. The Navy has a seven-ocean war on its hands and thus cannot spare too much energy for such problems. Some Federal agencies have given whole-heartedly of their attention to Norfolk's problems; others have been caught in the bureaucratic processes of bungling, red tape and delay.

No one can question the legitimacy of the Norfolk appeal for assistance. A full knowledge of conditions at the points of greatest stress in the war effort is a powerful antidote for complacency. It is in that spirit that the author has sought to present the unpleasant but challenging facts.

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HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH IN ENGLAND

By George Bijur

Thousands of Americans now flying with the United States Army Air Forces in Britain have discovered that there is a missing link in the months of careful training they were given back home. They wish that some farsighted lexicographer had prepared for them a handy pocket dictionary of the distinctive English used habitually by their teammates in the RAF. As it is, they find that RAF English is an unknown tongue — at least to strangers. It sounds like American double-talk except that it does make sense once you learn it. For instance, a pilot will remark: "The pukka gen is that he was brassed off with Wimpies when he went for a Burton." This is the RAF way of saying: "The real lowdown is that he was bored with flying Wellingtons when he was shot down."

For the benefit of those Yankee airmen still on their way over here, and for students of the English language in its infinite variation, I have prepared an easy lesson by airmail in the basic vocabulary of our RAF friends.

The newcomer's introduction to the tongue begins as soon as his squadron is billeted at an RAF station. The Tannoy (loudspeaker) announces that PT will be held in the garden in fifteen minutes. You figure this may mean pink tea and, adjusting your tie, you hurry to the garden. No tea. Instead, a burly RAF sergeant roars at you: "Now then, gentlemen, line up, put your 'ands around the neck of the orfcer nearest you and see if you can bend 'is bloomin' neck to the ground." PT is physical training. TT, its conversational cousin, may mean teetotaller or Tourist Trophy, the superspecial cycling race once held on the Isle of Man. Lazy individuals who are not fond of neck-bending declare that they "take a poor view of PT." A more bitter statement would be "a dim view." Brash Americans who suggest that PT was far more strenuous back home are told to "coil it in," or "wind in your aerial."

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If someone asks the time and you say it's ten-thirty, not aware your watch is fifteen minutes slow, the flight lute (lieutenant) is likely to correct you, a process known as "shooting you down." Forgetful photographers who return from a mission and discover they have neglected to switch on their cameras are told they have "put up a terrific black" (a mark against you) or "blotted your copybook," or in brief, your performance was "ropey."

American flyers spend considerable time in the States learning the names and tactics of British planes, but once in England, they have to learn all over again. Here is a sample of RAF vocabulary in that field:

Hurrybird — the Hurricane
Wimpy — Wellington bomber
Lank — a Lancaster bomber
lizzie — a Westland Lysander
Blenberg — a Blenheim bomber
on the deck — a Blenberg just over the factory chimneys
faithful Annie — a twin-engined Avro Anson
airscrew — a propeller
Hampy — a Hampden bomber
Spit — a Spitfire fighter

The inside dope on anything, from the true service ceiling of a new secret fighter to the location of a tobacconist who will sell you extra large chocolate bars, is known as "the gen" (genuine information). If it turns out to be authentic and reliable, it is pukka gen. If it was just another wrong steer, call it duff gen. When a message comes to your room that Wing Ko wants to see you, the invitation has nothing to do with our Chinese allies — it is a summons to report to the Wing Commander, also known as Winky, and the possible bawling out is known as "having had a strip torn off," or having "been chewed up." Perhaps Winky will assign you to take an exam in aircraft rekko (recognition), which may involve staying up all night studying silhouettes. This is not boning up or cramming, but "swotting." If you get bored with homework, you're "browned off"; if superbored, you're "cheesed off." And if you arrive late for the exam (or late for anything else) and miss it, "you've had it," which of course means you *haven't* had it.

The number and complexity of alphabetical designations in RAF English beats anything Washington can offer. Here are a few:

LAC — leading aircraftsman, a technician without rank
AC2 — aircraftsman 2nd class, otherwise termed an "erk."
PSC — Passed Staff College, commonly interpreted as "Practically Senior to Christ."
OTU — Operational Training Unit
BTRALSM — Board of Trade Rocket Apparatus Long Service Medal
PMRAFNS — Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service

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The RAF has borrowed one Americanism and improved on it. Whereas the young fry over here say, "What's buzzin', cousin," and "Where d'ya work, jerk," the English airmen insist that nothing at table be passed unless the request is framed as "pass the meat, Pete," or "pass the tea, G (for George)," or other variants as "pass the spud, Bud," and "pass the cow, now." This pastime stalls only on sausage. Like oranges, sausages balk the most determined rhymster.

"Scrambled eggs on his hat" is the RAF way of saying an officer wears plenty of gold braid. The lowest rank to wear scrambled eggs is Groupy, a Group Captain, who sports a single row. Next highest is the Air Commode, or Air Commodore. "Piston rings" are RAFese for stripes worn around the sleeves. The Australians have further complicated the British jargon with graftings of their own slanguage. The Aussie says he's been "given a cow," which is a heluva tough job. If he should smash his landing gear, he "pranged" it. If your pal is new in the service, he's a "sprog"; and if the plane he's piloting is an experimental job, it's a sprog aircraft. Should the designer decide to change its construction, he'll retire to the drafting room and go "mucking about." When you call on him, the Cockney erk of whom you inquire the way will say "up those apples and pears," meaning up the stairs.

On a cold day, the lorry that goes around to blow hot air into aircraft radiators and cabins is a "fish and chips machine." It, in turn, gets its gas from the "bowser," which makes a filling station a bowser station. Aircraft in general, from the smallest to the largest, are referred to as "kites."

Something the visiting American never gets used to is the way American slang of the Al Capone vintage has crept into the speech of even the most cultured Oxford graduate. In the middle of a finely enunciated sentence, with every "a" as broad as the Thames, there will suddenly appear a reference to "the girl friend," or an "I reckon," a "whaddya know?" or a complaint that last night's music was corny. Consequently, you can use your hometown slang in England, and if you can coin any phrases which will add to the richness of vocabulary in your squadron, the 2nd dickies (pilots) of "K" for Kitty, "L" for London and "O" for Oliver may instruct your popsie (sweetheart) to give you a gong (decoration) — maybe even the BTRALSM.

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▶ *Shall Billy Mitchell's leading disciple be crucified too?*

WHAT'S BEHIND THE ATTACKS ON SEVERSKY?

By William Bradford Huie
Author of *The Fight For Air Power*

The name of Major Alexander P. de Seversky has become almost a synonym for air power. He has broken through the crust of tradition to make America aware of the new weapon and what it implies. His one-man crusade for more and better aviation and bolder aerial strategy has cut by months, perhaps by years, the job of "unfreezing" strategic thought. Several million Americans have read his book *Victory Through Air Power*, of which more than four hundred thousand copies are already in circulation, and his views have been expounded through practically every American newspaper, magazine and radio chain.

Walter Lippmann wrote: "No one can afford henceforth to believe he is thinking about the war if he has not read carefully, and opened his mind fully to, what Major de Seversky has to say." One of our foremost historians, Professor Charles A. Beard, declared that he considers the Seversky book "more important for America than all the other war books put together." *American Aviation* has asserted that "this is one of the greatest aviation books of all time" and the British periodical *Aeroplane* has urged wide reading of the volume "because it is one of the first books to proclaim boldly the full implications of air warfare."

Before me are a sheaf of letters from leading air generals, men who are in command of our vital war fronts by this time. I can attest that they are uniformly enthusiastic in endorsing Seversky's work.[1] Most impressive, however, are the numerous letters from men who are

[1] The editors have seen the originals of these and all other letters referred to in this article. Mr. Huie has omitted names only because advocacy of Seversky's views now, as in General Mitchell's time, might prove uncomfortable for the writers.

One of our air generals writes: "I wish we had more people in the country with the imagination and vision in air matters that you have." Another, addressing the editor of the Mercury, says of Seversky: "He has had long and varied experience in aviation, ranging from combat experience in the World War to the design and manufacture of aviation instruments, appliances, and complete airplanes. His opinions are entitled to respect and his conclusions should carry considerable weight. I hope they are carefully studied by those charged with formulation of our national policies." — ED.

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flying American planes on the battlefields. They urge, in unison, that he keep up the fight for better planes and a better air organization. Four of them conclude a joint letter with these words: "We are in a position to know, in that we are flying the mistakes that you wrote about."

These facts need rehearsing today because a vigorous campaign to "discredit" and "kill off" Major Seversky is now under way. More than two years after his articles began publication in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, eight or nine months after his book was launched, just when his chief claims are being confirmed on the fighting fronts, there is a rash of "exposé" and "debunking" articles about him. Slanderous rumors calculated to undermine his authority are being spread. It will come to the American people as an unpleasant surprise that an Assistant Secretary of War has called in a commercial "publicity man" from New York to discuss the "Seversky problem." This publicity man boasts that he is at work on the job of "discrediting" the aviation expert — the techniques of selling soap and cinemas are thus being applied to unsell America on a set of air-power opinions! One editor has tipped off Seversky that "a lot of fellows have been around peddling 'exposés'" of him. Attacks on popular figures have circulation value and the peddlers sometimes find sales resistance low.

Are we confronted with a campaign to crucify Seversky, even as General Mitchell was crucified?

If the campaign affected only Seversky, it might be ignored. But it doesn't. I have discussed it with men in key positions in Washington, some of whom do not go all the way on Seversky's views. They support the suspicion that the attack is aimed not at Seversky as an individual, but at Seversky *as the spokesman for a school of thought.* It is no accident that the outburst against him coincides with the virtual destruction of the Public Relations Department of the Army Air Force, which in the past sought to clarify the rôle of aviation in war events for the American people.

The drive to "destroy" Seversky is the symptom of a deeper struggle, under the surface, between military diehards and military progressives; between those who would unify our air strength and those who would divide it further; between those who see aviation merely as another accessory to armies and navies and those who consider it a primary strategic weapon even more important than the Army and the Navy.

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II

In a recent magazine piece attacking Major Seversky's air-power views, one of the ablest spokesmen of old-style naval strategy, Paul Schubert, had the sportsmanship to concede in conclusion that "Right or wrong, Major Seversky did us an invaluable patriotic service. He made us think. He was a goad. As an American eager to win the war, he prodded us into searching scrutiny of all war-winning methods."

But such gallantry is the exception. As a rule, Seversky's critics are disdainful of the Queensberry rules of fair journalism and public debate. Not content with disputing his facts and opinions, they assail his standing as an aeronautical expert and his reputation for ordinary integrity. The attacks are far beyond the bounds of technical discussion; they lie in the jungles of character assassination.

I have at hand a batch of these attacks — in *Life*, *Pic*, *Skyways*, the trade journal *Steel*, the New York tabloid *PM*. They have in common a strange ignorance of the simple facts of one of the best documented aeronautical careers in the world — facts available in *Who's Who in Aviation*, the Patent Office records, almost any history of aviation, and any newspaper "morgue."

Life makes a curious attempt to deny Seversky credit for airplane design ideas associated with his name for more than a decade. A retired ground general with a Spanish-American War mentality tries to deny Seversky's combat record in World War I. *PM* builds its all-out attack on these two, without bothering to check their facts, and adds some smear stuff of its own. *Steel* casually brands him as a "charlatan and a quack," on the say-so of anonymous "persons in authority." Such a many-sided assault at about the same time can hardly be credited to spontaneous combustion. The drive unfortunately

"Why don't we just build planes to carry ships?"

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has all the earmarks of an organized effort. Where does it stem from? Who is so passionately interested in "smearing" our foremost exponent of air-power principles?

A hint of the answer has been provided by *Steel*. Its editors were confronted with Seversky's record and asked to explain their use of words like "charlatan and quack." Their amazing answer, in writing, was: "The charges do not represent our own views, but rather those of some of the aviation people." The facts about Seversky's career, they added blandly, "would seem to disprove those charges." The author of the *Life* article, too, revealed in a letter to the MERCURY that "many people in the industry" approved his blow at Seversky.

So it appears that "some of the aviation people" are behind the campaign. Why? Let's be utterly frank for the benefit of innocent editors who may be invited to join in the Seversky-baiting. The "aviation people" involved are too frequently those few whose planes or engines or advertising methods Seversky had dared to attack, especially in the fighter plane field. The fact that the war has proven him right — and that aircraft ideas for which he battled have been accepted and are being put into effect — only deepens their displeasure.

Major Seversky's candor about backward aircraft has infuriated a section of the aviation industry. A powerful section, with influence in high places. That fury can be vented now *precisely because his fight in this connection has been practically won.* It is not pleasant to have to write about human cussedness. But I feel that I have no alternative. And here's why —

Because Buzz Wagner is dead. A lieutenant colonel at twenty-six, he was the greatest American pursuit pilot of this war. Instructing other young American pilots in Australia, Buzz Wagner said: "Remember, you guys, it's suicide to dogfight with a Zero in a Curtiss P-40. You make one dive at a Zero, and if you miss him, run like hell for home. Your Uncle Sam has no use for dead pilots." [2]

Buzz Wagner and thousands like him demand that politics and business considerations make way for unadulterated truth in dealing with aviation matters.

III

More than five years ago, the Army Air Corps, headed then as now by General Henry H. Arnold, plumped for one engine to power our pursuit planes: the liquid-cooled Alli-

[2] Quoted by *Time*, December 14, 1942.

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son engine made by a General Motors subsidiary. Warnings by Seversky and other industry leaders against tying our whole pursuit force to one unproved experimental engine were ignored. Why this decision was made, and stubbornly adhered to in the face of logic and experience, remains a mystery to outsiders; perhaps after the war is over the mystery can be probed and solved.

The Allison-powered Curtiss-Wright P-40 became the "backbone" of our fighter aviation. The Bell Airacobra — the P-39 — was also powered by the Allison engine and the Lockheed Lightning — P-38 — was powered by *two* Allison engines. No design built around any other engine could even obtain a fair hearing. Seversky's designs for high-altitude fighters using air-cooled engines and turbo superchargers were brushed aside when first offered in 1937–38 and rejected in February 1939 even when he presented the actual plane built at his company's expense despite the government's emphatic disinterest. The Allison engine had the pursuit market "sewed up."

Not until later in 1939, when war loomed and experimental orders were given to *all* firms, was the Seversky AP-4, with its supercharged air-cooled engine (designated by the Army as the P-43), purchased; fifteen were ordered as against hundreds of P-40's. Moreover, this tiny order ignored the designs which Seversky had stressed for 1600 and 2000 horsepower engines, specifying only the use of a 1200 horsepower engine. Only after war was actually under way was the order for P-43's increased; but — the crux of the matter — the 2000 horsepower version, now known as the P-47 (Thunderbolt) and described as the white hope of our pursuit force, was shoved aside *until after the fall of France.*

As the new World War began, we did not have a single high-altitude fighter of the kind Seversky and others had advocated and which Britain, Germany and even Japan possessed. Since we had been caught without our own fighter engine, Seversky urged that we immediately adopt the highly successful British Spitfire, using a Rolls-Royce engine. The only support he got was from American boys flying Allison-powered planes. In our first European operations our airmen have had to use British fighter planes because our own couldn't match the best German fighters. The aircraft companies spent great sums of money to convince our people that we had "the finest planes in the world." Seversky's

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"carping" annoyed them no end.

And so it becomes a little clearer why certain "aviation people" came to regard Seversky as a menace. It becomes clearer also why certain officials, who had selected Allison, and had staked their reputations as well as the effectiveness of our fighter force on that engine, came to regard Seversky as a menace.

But the truth about our planes could not be indefinitely suppressed. The test of combat prevented it, notwithstanding much advertised "box scores." In the end, the country learned officially that the Allison engine was inadequate for modern war, though it served well enough for some purposes. I quote from the report of the Office of War Information, released by Elmer Davis last October 19:

> Appraisal of our older fighter types — the Bell P-39 and the Curtiss P-40 — compel the conclusion that they are not right for operation under today's high-altitude tactics in England. Admitted deficiencies in their performance makes them unsuitable. . . . The Allison engine after three years of wide service in the United States Army Air Forces is still a substantial jump behind its opposite numbers in the British and German air arms for altitude performance.

And now, more than two years after Seversky urged it, we are at last pulling the Allison out of the P-40 and manufacturing the British Rolls-Royce for that purpose.[3] More significant, the resurrected P-47 is being touted as the answer to our pursuit prayers by the very officials who rejected its prototype in 1937–39 in favor of the P-40.

Small wonder that Major Seversky has incurred the wrath of "some aviation people" — and some officials. He committed the unpardonable crime of being right alone against a combination of forces that included General Motors, Curtiss-Wright, and several Air Force leaders who are still at the helm.

However, the impression being encouraged that all or even most of the aviation industry is against Seversky is false to the point of being grotesque. Let me attest that I have at hand letters from industry leaders cheering his work as lustily as any of his lay fans. The head of one great company writes to Seversky: "Our generation is fortunate in having in you one who is both a dreamer and a doer. . . ." The president of another leading aircraft firm writes of Seversky:

[3] In the light of the OWI report, note this warning more than four years earlier, on June 24, 1938, in a letter from Seversky to the Materiel Division of the Army Air Force: "The function of a pursuit and interceptor fighter, in our scheme of national defense, is too important to rely on only one type of equipment, since, should it fail for any reason, the country would be completely deprived of this type of aerial defense."

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"His may be a voice crying in the wilderness, but in my opinion he is one of the few who are talking sense." I could quote for pages.

IV

A favorite trick of Seversky's critics has been to match his *past* criticism of certain aircraft against the *present* models. *Pic* offers a sample of this technique when it writes:

> Seversky's most dismal error as a critic of aircraft stems from his early criticism of the famous Flying Fortresses. He began by sneering at them. They lacked defensive armament; their guns were badly disposed and much more was the matter with them, according to Seversky.

The ruse is obvious to anyone familiar with Seversky's writings. The fact is that the "early" criticism of the Boeing Fortress was entirely justified. As recently as fifteen months ago, the Fortress was still the most helpless of all our planes. It had no tail guns, no turrets, no new gunsights, no self-sealing tanks. *It was criticism by men like Seversky which helped make the Fortress the magnificent bomber it is today.*

Since the improvements have been made, Seversky repeatedly *praised* the Fortress in print and on the air. But his "early" views are still habitually cited by his detractors. Changes having been made in conformity with his criticism, the improved planes are used to discredit the critic! The same technique has been applied to a lot of his other strictures. Even his own air-cooled supercharged design, embodying principles which he had advocated all his life on the basis of personal combat experience, is trotted out to disprove the justice of his criticism of our pursuit force! The attackers, in addition, ignore the fact that in every instance when Seversky complained of qualitative defects he offered the solution to cure those defects. His criticism was in the truest sense constructive.

Let us look more closely at the amazing P-47 affair. The above-mentioned *Life* article offered an innocent-looking "close-up" of Alexander Kartveli, an unassuming Russian aircraft engineer who was given the job he now holds in Republic (formerly Seversky) Aviation by Seversky himself. As a fine structural engineer, he had been useful to Seversky in following out designs created by the latter. Indeed, Seversky never looked to him for ideas on combat aviation, since Kartveli is not a pilot and is unfamiliar with military requirements in combat.

The burden of the *Life* piece,

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however, is that Kartveli is the designer of the "new Republic P-47"; that the plane was designed "after the fall of France"; and that therefore Seversky could have had nothing to do with its development. "One reason for P-47's performance," the article explains, "is that it is a new plane designed after the fighter requirements of this war were analyzed in actual combat." The author fails to explain how Britain and Germany had been able to incorporate those identical requirements in their fighters *before* the war started.

The simplest kind of reportorial check-up would have saved *Life* from being ravished by "public relations men" interested in blurring the facts. The New York *Herald Tribune* on April 21, 1941, summed up part of a speech by Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, as follows:

> The Republic P-43 has been put into production. It is a special high-altitude interceptor which is the first in the world to have the turbo-supercharger. *A refined version of the P-43*, an interceptor known as the P-47, having a 2000 horsepower Pratt & Whitney engine, is soon to be produced by the Republic Company. (My italics. — WBH)

Thus we have official confirmation that the P-47 is not "new" but "a refined version of the P-43," which in turn is described by the Republic Company itself in its Board minutes as the AP-4 submitted by Seversky five years ago. The *Life* reporter's naïveté is truly extraordinary. We are told: "Suddenly the Battle of France showed the need for certain things that had been largely ignored, such as heavy armament, armor, self-sealing tanks. The Army . . . demanded something bigger and better, which it eventually got in the 47." He has not been informed that Seversky and other forward-looking men, many of them in the Air Corps itself, tried to sell the Air Corps policy-makers on such trifles as armor and self-sealing tanks back in 1937–38. The inference is that no one saw the need for these "gadgets," as General Arnold once called them, until after the Battle of France.

But here is the crowning achievement of reportorial innocence:

> As the people at Republic remember, Kartveli literally pulled his hair when he got the news (after the Fall of France) that he had to design a new ship. He was up all night figuring data, took a morning plane to Wright Field, and came back the next day with rough plans for the 47.

A new plane in twenty-four hours! A radical design right out of a hat! Only someone wholly innocent of aeronautics could have swallowed that one. Every avia-

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tion man knows that no radically new design can be developed in less than a year. If *Life* had queried the Army Air Force in Washington, it would have been told that the P-47 is the old rejected Seversky design, to which have been added additional armor, armament, and self-sealing tanks for which Seversky had clamored in the first place. Or, since Seversky's office is only a stone's throw from the offices of *Life*, the reporter might have checked with Seversky personally. Indeed, it is strange that an article aimed at the solar plexus of a famous designer's reputation should have been put into print without so much as a perfunctory interview with the victim. Subsequently, the reporter argued that he considered Seversky's side adequately covered in his book. But it happens that the book does not go into that question at all; it had not occurred to the designer to "prove" what was common knowledge. Moreover, in his zeal, the *Life* writer even credited Kartveli with the Seversky amphibian plane which had been designed *before Kartveli was hired* — a slip which that writer has since had to admit as "in error."

Such is the stuff on which "smear" campaigns are based. This was the "evidence" which *PM* soon thereafter used to disparage Seversky's claim to being an engineer and designer. But the P-47 story is not complete without reference to another aspect. Why this anxiety to "post-date" the design and thus place it in the period after Seversky was eased out as president of his company? Obviously because those responsible for shelving it would have a lot of explaining to do unless they could make the American people believe that the plane was a brand-new idea, hatched overnight after the Battle of France.

And the Republic company, it is just as obvious, has its own good reasons for "post-dating." Rumors have been set afloat that Seversky "failed" in business. In a sense he did. He "failed" in the sense that he insisted on spending company funds on advanced types of planes in line with his military foresight and strategic convictions. He put the defense of our country before profits. The bankers behind the company could not grasp this. "Get out and sell what we have," their spokesman chided Seversky in a letter before me as I write, "*and forget something that may surpass the world* until we are on a decent financial basis." The "customer" wanted what Seversky considered inferior planes but he stubbornly held out for superior planes — and the customer is always right.

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That was the breach which widened into a divorce between the bankers and their president. These are the facts behind the company's eagerness to make the P-47 look like a "new" inspiration. If only America possessed more such "bad businessmen" in its aviation industry we might be even farther advanced in the quality of our aviation!

V

The essence of the attack is the attempt to undermine Seversky's standing as an expert; everything else is trimming. It begins with a denial of his combat record. General Malone, writing in *Skyways*, asserts that Seversky lost his leg in his first engagement and ended his career right then and there. But one of Seversky's superior officers in the war, Captain A. A. Toochkoff, happens to be in America. He is the former Chief of the Naval Aviation Department of the Russian Naval General Staff. He has written indignantly to *Skyways* in defense of a national hero. Rebuking General Malone for this "unwarranted and sinister attack," he testifies that Seversky's loss of a leg was not the end but the "beginning" of "one of the most brilliant careers produced during the last war." Flying and fighting despite his physical handicap, he details, Seversky became a great ace and won every honor his native land could bestow upon him.

But General Malone's bad guess, too, has become a basic piece of "evidence," duly quoted by *PM* and others. The same sort of "evidence" is advanced to disprove the rest of Seversky's record, in the face of such facts as these:

Seversky in the early 1920's invented, patented and developed the first all-automatic bombsight. Our government paid him $50,000 for it and a facsimile of the check hangs in his office today. This is the device on which our present bombsights, the world's best, are based.

In 1934, Seversky gave our Army its first all-metal monoplane for basic training, a craft which was a sensation in its time.

In 1935, he gave us the first fully cantilever skin-stressed all-metal monoplane pursuit, now standard the world over.

He gave America the first central split flap for lowering landing speed — a device now universally used.

He built the first long-range fighter and with it broke many long-distance speed records, piloting the plane himself.

He developed the first high-altitude air-cooled pursuit with an en-

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gine employing a turbo supercharger, a development now serving us in the P-43 and P-47.

He fathered more than a score of vital airplane and instrument advances, on which he holds patents. This is a partial list, by way of an indication:

Amphibian landing gear (Patent No. 2,021,876)
Adjustable pilot's seat (No. 2,193,449)
Flexible rear gun installation (No. 2,214,722)
All-metal monoplane single-seater fighter (No. 109,958)
All-metal monoplane basic training airplane (No. 109,959)
All-metal monoplane two-seater fighter (No. 111,043)
Automatic bombsight (No. 2,027,348)
Automatic anchoring device for seaplanes, amphibians and flying boats (No. 2,009,356)
Amphibian pontoon (No. 2,023,312)
Skiis for aircraft (No. 1,817,901)
Retractable head-rest crash protector (No. 2,230,614)
Ground speed indicator and variable speed drive for bombsight (No. 2,026,912)
Testing basin for seaplanes (No. 1,953,045)
Retractable landing gear for fighter plane (No. 2,180,462)
Automatic drift control (No. 2,027,350)
Landing gear for amphibian aircraft (No. 21,120)
Split trailing edge flap for reduction of landing speed (No. 2,191,342)
Differential control for wing flap (No. 2,173,273)
Land, sea and snow landing gear for aircraft (No. 1,963,630)
Range finding and flight directing apparatus for bombing (No. 2,027,349)
Skin-stressed fully cantilever metal wing (No. 2,135,464)
Retractable twin-float super clipper (No. 112,834)
Sub-stratosphere fighter (No. 2,219,980)
Apparatus for refueling in the air
All-metal amphibian design
Folding all-metal monoplane wings
Flush riveting
Double-telescoping landing legs for use on aircraft carriers
Emergency exit for aircraft
Fuel tanks integral with wing structure

Calumny and persecution succeeded in hounding General Billy Mitchell to his grave. Will such things succeed in discrediting and silencing Billy Mitchell's most effective disciple? I, for one, do not believe that the American people will permit it.

In this article, I have discussed only the attack on Seversky's personal and professional career. In a subsequent article, I shall deal with the distortion to which his air-power ideas have been subjected. It will demonstrate the essence of the matter — that the campaign against Seversky is a campaign against the air-power views held by *all* our air generals, and hence hurtful to our war effort, whether those engaged in the campaign know it or not.

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▶ *The synthetic propaganda "American" is weak, greedy and a dilettante.*

AMERICA THROUGH GOEBBELS' EYES

By Hans Habe

German domestic propaganda in relation to America can be understood only if we grasp that it is very much on the defensive. This has nothing to do with American victories in Africa or fear of a European invasion, nor even with the constant efforts of Nazi propagandists, until Pearl Harbor, to convince the German people that the United States would not enter the war. Dr. Goebbels has been uncomfortably on the defensive from the beginning for the deeper reason that, ever since 1917, *his countrymen have admired America.*

Nazi anti-American propaganda never succeeded in neutralizing the effects of German glorification of American technology and mass production methods. Moreover, Germans had long been taught that England and France really lost the war by 1917, but were saved at the last moment by America's intervention. Goebbels' primary task has thus been to persuade his Germans that the Americans of 1942–43 are radically different from their fathers of 1917.

He has been laboring mightily to demonstrate that the new generation of Americans is not only dilettantish in military matters and hopelessly divided politically but, above all, that it is spiritually decadent. He has tried to prove that in the quarter of a century between the two wars, America underwent the same debilitating process as France — that America's wealth has led only to squandering, its production only to luxury, its greatness only to complacency.

In line with this major theme, Nazi propaganda has sought to exploit every symptom of domestic dissension in the United States to build up an entirely new image of the American in the German mind. Normal democratic discussions on public issues have been reported to Germans as irreconcilable conflicts in American life. In contrast with the democratic tendency to recognize the power of the enemy, the Nazis try to bolster morale by ridiculing and underestimating the enemy. The Goebbels portrait of the American and his country is so

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absurdly false, indeed, that it may well boomerang: when Germans realize that the American they admired yesterday is identical with the one whom they are fighting today, the disillusion will be profound.

There are four main lines of German propaganda on America: (1) Spiritually and morally, the American is represented as shallow, frivolous, effeminate and prone to every variety of degeneration. (2) Ideologically, the American is described as an embittered capitalist and imperialist who oppresses his own minorities and craves to seize the possessions of his allies and adversaries alike. (3) Politically, the United States is depicted as completely divided, with anti-Roosevelt, anti-British and anti-Semitic sentiments dominant. (4) Militarily, Americans are represented as amateurs whose style of war-making is pompous and hysterical — who wage war "à la Hollywood."

What Goebbels wants the Germans to think about American morale is well illustrated by the title of a book just published in the Reich by August W. Halfeld, who until Pearl Harbor worked as a German correspondent in the United States. It is titled *America's Sex-Appeal War*. He pictures Americans as people who refuse to make sacrifices and are merely intent on using the war crisis for new profits and new thrills. His first chapter, which is titled "Fun and Glamor," contains this passage:

> For the Americans the war is but a new source of "fun and glamor". . . . Pretty girls canvass homes asking for scrap. These painted chippies, often dressed in ridiculous operetta uniforms, are ready to make many a "compromise" to achieve their aim. The U.S. government has been compelled to transform the whole country into one big brothel in order to wage the war.

An article in Goebbels' own paper, *Der Angriff*, on August 18, 1942, strikes a similar note. Under the caption "They Did Not Expect This," the author, who claims to have written his report from New York, declares:

> Americans are used to making profits out of every war. They are not used to privations. Now they are enduring them for the first time. It is not surprising that the American people have their own ideas about the need or lack of need for this Roosevelt war.

Almost daily the German papers seek to underline the alleged lack of fighting spirit in America by featuring reports of a "new wave of bootlegging in America." Goebbels has even invented a new hero — a mythical John Brown who organizes holdups of gas stations, plunders tanks and exerts a decisive in-

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fluence on the American government. Even the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, a newspaper with a claim to seriousness, publishes (August 19, 1942) a dispatch from its Lisbon correspondent in which we read:

> The whole country is teeming with these "ration racketeers." Every well-to-do American has in his notebook the address of his particular "ration racketeer," and it takes only a telephone call to have gasoline or tires delivered to your door — if you pay the price, of course. And just like the bootleggers in the era of prohibition, today's "ration racketeers" are on the best of terms with the authorities.

While presenting the American as frivolous and criminal, the propaganda also paints him as a child-like person, emotional to the point of hysteria. Significant, in this connection, are Nazi estimates of American character immediately after American troops invaded North Africa. Here, three days after that invasion, is a pronouncement by the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten:*

> Americans are a hysterical people. The defeat at Pearl Harbor could be broken to them in small doses only, and still they know only half the truth. But Americans are just as unable to digest "good" as bad news. After the cowardly attack on the French possessions in Africa, which was entirely lacking in military character, public opinion in the United States changed into such "optimism" that the different Roosevelt organs had to open an "anti-hysteria" campaign. In various factories the worker stopped work, because the war "is over" anyway. The optimism of the misled people was, of course, followed by a wave of pessimism.

No less penetrating is the judgment of the *Wiener Volks-Zeitung*, the newspaper with the largest circulation in Vienna, which on November 27 carries comment on the African events:

> After the "victorious American troops" — the cowards, that is, who had bought off a part of Africa with their gold — occupied Oran, one would have expected a howl of triumph in America. Instead, a quarrel has begun over the sinister Mr. Darlan. The followers of the Jew-knave Roosevelt and the Bolshevik Willkie started once more to tear each other's hair, so that the American people said: "No matter who wins, if only we can get rid of these gents."

Naturally, the cliché that "the dollar rules America" is worked to the limit. It served to sweeten the pill of the African invasion, as witness this analysis by the Rome correspondent of the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger:*

> The Americans have not gained victory by fighting but by bargaining. It is a fact that many American soldiers did not even have a gun when they landed in Africa; they carried money-bags filled with gold-dollars instead of guns. The "resistance" of the natives was "broken" with gold-dollars.

The laurels for this sort of piffle, however, must go to Goebbels'

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personal paper, *Der Angriff*. It devoted a full page, elaborately illustrated, to General Clark under the elevating title, "The General Who Lost His Pants." We have space for only a sample:

> . . . Not even the childish Americans are childish enough not to find something remarkable in the story of their pantsless general. The General, it happens, after his successful landing reported the loss not only of his pants but of his purse. This "conqueror" was not equipped with a machine gun, but with the "American cannon," a bagful of gold. Where Mr. Clark's gold-purse "disappeared" nobody knows. But the good Americans ask themselves, why should a general have to fly across the ocean with thousands of dollars? The answer is that Mr. Clark was instructed to buy off the French authorities in Africa.

Apparently de Panat's *bon mot* about the Bourbons—"They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing"—is especially true of Adolf Hitler. He has neither forgotten nor learned anything from Kaiser Wilhelm's fatal underestimation of the Americans.

II

On military questions, the Germans are all the more on the defensive because American prowess in the first World War is still fresh in their memory. Thus, on the first day of the African offensive, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, organ of the German intelligentsia, titled its leading article, "Eisenhower Is No Pershing." The article explains that "like all Americans today" Eisenhower lacks the *élan*, energy and enthusiasm of the American of 1917. Hitler's own *Voelkischer Beobachter* at the end of October gave an equally profound estimate of American military men. It had this to say under the caption "If Gustl Fröhlich Were a General" (Fröhlich is a German movie actor):

> What would we say if tomorrow Gustl Fröhlich were to be taken out of the UFA studios and promoted to a generalship? In America such promotions are a daily occurrence. . . . The Jew Clark Gable who enlisted as a private became a national hero because he refused a generalship. But three weeks later he was promoted to a captaincy. As soon as an American distinguishes himself on the battlefield, he is sent back to his hometown by plane. There he drinks corn liquor until he forgets how frightened he was of his own heroism.

The most widely read of Berlin evening papers, *B.Z. am Mittag*, concentrates its ironic fire on General MacArthur. We read, on October 14:

> Douglas MacArthur became a national hero despite his disgraceful flight from Bataan because he comes closest to American movie ideals. After this Yankee general's escape from the Philippines, a film was supposed to be made about his career. The American news-

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papers could not reach an agreement as to which actor was handsome enough to play the part of MacArthur. The discussion of this problem covered more space than the war communiqués.

An "analysis" of the American soul, to account for the American "blunder" in taking North Africa, is offered by Herr University Professor Walter Hergersheimer in the *Ostdeutsche Beobachter* of November 27:

It is not always easy for us to understand the mentality of the North Americans. Only the total lack of civilization which distinguishes North America provides us some explanations. The American is attached neither to his home nor his profession. The "American career" is possible only because the American tries everything, from shoe-shining to gambling on the Stock Exchange but does not put his heart into any calling. This may have a certain attraction in private life, but in the military field it must lead to catastrophe. The attack on Africa demonstrates that Americans have no ability at all for serious planning. After the inevitable failure of this showy adventure, the generals responsible for it will simply change their trade.

It is an old German device to paint the enemy as black as possible even if the result is illogical and contradictory. Thus the weak, dilettantish, laughable Americans are at the same time hard, deliberate, ruthless capitalists and imperialists in the Nazi portrait. Endless articles harp on the idea that Americans oppose British imperialism only because they want British colonies for themselves. In this connection, and also as a separate tune, the Negro problem is a favorite record on the Goebbels gramophone. Some months ago, the Belgrade *Donau Zeitung* began a series of Sunday articles called "American Negroes on the Move." Four hundred German newspapers now reproduce those Sunday pieces.

In handling the Negro, British and Jewish questions in America, German propaganda does not hesitate to *invent* news developments. Some of these would be amusing except for the tragic background. A few small examples will suffice to illustrate the technique. Here is August H. Halfeld again, in the *Angriff*:

The population of Washington has increased to over 1,200,000. But the newcomers in the various government bureaus are, naturally, all Jews, mostly "German" emigrants. This fact presented the government with an unexpected problem. The synagogues of the capital have become too small. Finally, it was decided to build a new synagogue for $1,500,000. It is easy to imagine what the American taxpayer thinks of this.

And an editorial in the *Rheinisch-Westphaelische-Zeitung* adds to the list of fables a detailed account of how President Roosevelt, angered by anti-Jewish articles in the *Satur-*

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day Evening Post, "threw the publishers of that periodical into prison and replaced the editorial staff with Jews."

III

The old slogans of the "American millionaire warmongers," the "munitions makers who pocket dividends," and the "unscrupulous Stock Exchange speculators" are, of course, prominent in the Nazi anti-American propaganda. Typical is this slanderous passage from a leading editorial in *Das Reich*, August 23, 1942, on Henry J. Kaiser:

> With this sixty-year-old man, a familiar Stock Exchange type has entered the production field: the jobber. . . . He has always known who has to be greased to make the going smooth. Henry J. Kaiser, the contractor, the jobber, the briber, is the perfect type of the American government entrepreneur.

Two hundred German papers reproduce daily a *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* feature, "How They See Themselves," filled with quotations from the American press. The material is skillfully lifted out of context to create the impression of terrific internal conflict in America. Criticism of Washington, of American or Allied policies, of individual leaders is presented to look like preludes to civil wars.

A correspondent of the *Berliner Illustrierte Nachtausgabe*, recently returned from the United States, writes: "Despite all attempts to influence him to the contrary, the American still believes firmly what has been inculcated in him at school: that the Britisher is his hereditary enemy." That Britishers and Jews got America into the war is standard Goebbels hash. "Except for a few patriots such as Lindbergh," his press repeats endlessly, Americans have been so undermined morally by liquor and luxury that they could not resist the pressure of an "insignificant minority" which wanted war.

To "prove" that political corruption and suspicion dominate even American military affairs, Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter* of November 24 reports: "American generals in Africa complain continually that they are under control of political commissars, as in Russia." It adds that "the national self-sacrifice of the German officer is incomprehensible to the American. An American officer today remains a Republican or a Democrat even in uniform!"

The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* publishes a question-and-answer column on Sundays. Recently, the "inquisitive man" asked: Can American production become dan-

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gerous to Germany? The "informed man" replied:

> No. The much-vaunted American production is far behind the boastful promises of the Jewish tool, Roosevelt. It cannot develop because strikes are the order of the day. We must realize that the American of today can no longer build skyscrapers, but can only lead a debauched life inside the skyscrapers. He has the machines for production, but there are no longer any American inventors. Where are the days of Edison? . . . The American factories are places for political meetings, just as the American army camps are nothing but establishments for the entertainment of boys and girls.

The "American" molded by Goebbels' minions for the German people is thus a degenerate son of the efficient American whom the world saw in the previous war. The extent to which Nazi journalism will go to make this version stick is evidenced in reams of smear-stuff and "analyses," of which a sample or two must suffice. This is from an editorial in the Berlin *12 Uhr Blatt* for November 2, under the title "Folly, Your Name is Roosevelt":

> The USA, with Roosevelt at the helm, conducts war by its own rules. These place contradiction and illogic above sound reason, making heroes out of deserters and victory out of defeats. But how can we expect reason in a country that follows an insane man?

Soon thereafter came the African invasion. The portrait of a "degenerate" America had to be retouched. The press came through with masterpieces such as this, from the *Berliner Nachtausgabe*, on November 26:

> The cowardly attack on Africa betrays the behavior of a mentally deranged person, who sees only the immediate success, but ignores the destructive results his deed will bring later. But unfortunately, we must note, insanity is evidently contagious. In the country of the insane Roosevelt, many people have caught the disease, and after the "victory reports" from Oran many formerly normal Americans began to behave like their mad leader. These, of course, make it more difficult for Germany to aim at a just peace, because they have to be cured first, before they could be regarded as equal partners.

No one can say with certainty to what extent the loathsome creature of the Goebbels' imagination labeled "American" is accepted and believed by the German people. Presumably, the younger generation, without personal memories to hamper their faith, credit the fabrication. But there is reason to believe that a great many doubt it or are, at least, bewildered. On Columbus Day, the *Voelkische Beobachter* featured on its first page a cartoon in which Columbus, looking at George Washington, says: "If I had known what it would become I would not have discovered America." Yet on the same day, the Nazi organ in Prague, *Die Zeit*, wrote as follows:

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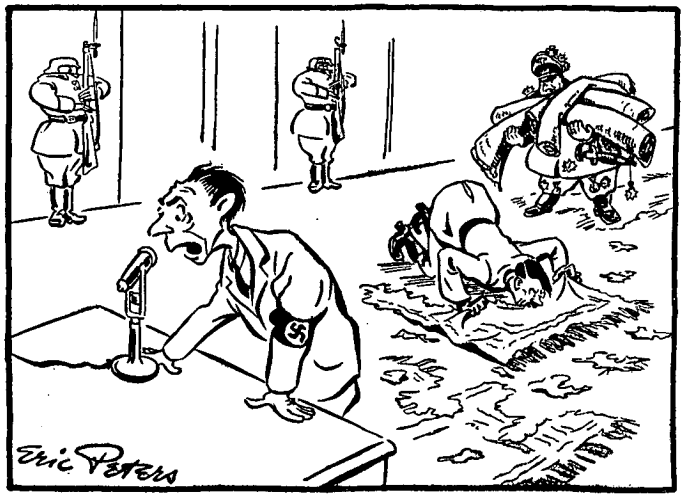
When we think of America, we think of the Declaration of Independence, which still expresses all the ideas of mankind worth pursuing. We think of the people of the USA, who possess everything that makes life worth living.

One wonders how these sentences evaded the censor and in what concentration camp the daring author is now confined. But it is possible that such words — breaking through the bonds of official views — reveal the real opinion of the mass of Germans. It is possible that veterans of the first World War still remember the job done by a great and strong America; that mothers and wives still remember how generously America provided for their children and husbands after that war.

Science has yet to probe the power of remembrance in a country so long denied its past, fed on lies and reared on brutality. We know what Goebbels and his cohorts want Americans to look like in the eyes of their subjects. We do not know whether he has succeeded. We cannot answer the question: What do free men look like to men in cages?



"And so, my dear Volksgenossen, I ask you to surrender your carpets. Your Führer needs them!"

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▶ *A phase of the "revolution of nihilism" in the field of art.*

SURREALIST CIRCUS

By Klaus Mann

Not everything defamed by Hitler as "cultural Bolshevism" is necessarily culture. Surrealism, for instance, is not. Indeed, in the writer's considered opinion, surrealism itself shares the spirit of illogic, negation, vandalism that has found expression politically in Nazism. If the Hitler program, in Hermann Rauschning's phrase, is a revolution of nihilism, surrealism is the revolution of nihilism in art.

The average reader may be inclined to confound surrealism with modern art in general, and with abstract or fantastic painting in particular. This is a misconception. Neither is it correct that surrealism is the personal hobby of an ingenious young man named Salvador Dali. Though the talented Catalan may be regarded by the uninitiated as the very embodiment of surrealism, he is in fact not even a genuine surrealist. We have the word of the high priests of the cult for that.

The point of the matter is that there is no such thing as surrealism. There are only surrealists — a coterie of poets, journalists, painters, sculptors and suckers who stick together, purport to admire one another, and abuse those who don't belong to their set. The chief and founder of the surrealist tribe is a French critic and visionary named André Breton. His first lieutenant is Max Ernst, a painter of German birth. If you want to become a surrealist — which offers certain social and emotional advantages — you need the blessing of these two gentlemen. They may reject you regardless of how ecstatically surrealist you may be in thought and conduct and artistic output.

On the other hand, the surrealists are in the habit of claiming all sorts of celebrities, living and dead, as members of their club. The *Surrealist Pocket Dictionary* — there really is such a thing! — lists the august names of Jonathan Swift ("surrealist in malice") and the German poet Friedrich Hoelderlin ("surrealist in his madness"). Others who have been adopted include Pythagoras, Barnum and the Marquis de Sade. Since surrealist headquarters were moved from

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Paris to Manhattan, M. Breton and his associates have discovered Father Divine and Superman (not the Nietzschean but the cartoon personage).

It needs to be acknowledged that the crowd of unwitting surrealists by acclamation, including also Chaplin, Lenin and Cagliostro, is far more colorful and interesting than the real surrealist clique. The sad fact is that the group around Breton and Ernst has lost much of its lustre of late; maybe it finds more competition in New York than in Paris. Not that the surrealist circus has lost its appeal altogether — on the contrary, it is still prospering — but it is no longer what it used to be in the old days.

The whole affair started back in the 'twenties. It was the period when the radical artistic movements launched shortly before or during the first World War gradually lost momentum. What had taken place in the decade of 1910–1920 was indeed an artistic revolution. I do not intend to discuss here the dangers and promises inherent in such inspired experiments as cubism in France, expressionism in Germany, futurism in Italy, constructivism in Russia, and so forth. Whatever their merits or defects, these efforts deserved at least to be taken seriously. Painters like the Italian Giorgi de Chirico, the Russian Marc Chagall, and above all, the Spanish genius Pablo Picasso, were undoubtedly instrumental in molding and expressing the artistic consciousness of this epoch.

Perhaps even the obstreperous devices of a group called Dada were not without a certain relevance to the moods and currents of the tragic and riotous years from 1917 to the early 'twenties. "An attitude of disrespect became universal," André Breton tells us in his preface to *Art of This Century*. He adds:

> The negation of previous values was complete, it was a matter indeed of making a clean sweep. The despair that prevailed could only be overcome by a kind of dismal jesting, a "black humor." In New York, Marcel Duchamp affixed his signature to a reproduction of the *Giaconda* which he had decorated with a pair of handsome mustaches. The only entrance and exit to an exhibition of the works of Max Ernst in Cologne was through a urinal. . . . Picabia, in Paris, conceived a "picture" composed of an empty frame riveted to the ground and stretched from side to side with strings to which a live monkey was chained.

That was Dada, the direct ancestor of surrealism.

II

The founder of the German branch of Dadaism, Max Ernst, got tired

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of his native Cologne and moved to Paris, together with his fellow-Dadaist, Herr Baargeld. These two presently made friends with a set of congenial Frenchmen gathered around Breton. Up to that point, the surrealist coterie had consisted mainly of literary men, among them such talented writers as the novelist Louis Aragon and the poet Paul Eluard. Others who stuck to Breton at that early stage of his venture were René Crevel and Philippe Soupault, both authors of exceptional ability. The lively clique was subsequently joined by a few gifted painters — Joan Miro from Barcelona; Yves Tanguy, a former officer of the French merchant marine; André Masson, French painter and graphic artist, and some others. As for Dali, he "insinuated himself into the surrealist movement in 1929," to quote Breton.

The surrealists believed in the creative functions of paranoia, practical jokes and publicity. They excelled especially in the domain of pranks which seemed bold but were in reality brutal and insipid. There was hardly much risk when Breton counterfeited an interview with the great French writer André Gide (whose most famous novel, incidentally, is called *The Counterfeiters*). Nor did it require much imagination to plague a sickly poet, Jean Cocteau, whom they had picked as one of their pet aversions. Cocteau, in many respects a forerunner and a successful rival of the surrealists, may be a decadent freak, but he commands two qualities apparently remote from rank-and-file surrealists: genius and a love for his mother. When old Madame Cocteau was dangerously ill, her son received a telephone message that she had just died. In tears, Jean rushed to his mother's house, only to be greeted by the jeering of Breton's relentless gang.

Their anti-religious cracks and exhibitions likewise involved no serious danger. The Church was not in a position to protect the symbols of Christian faith from obnoxious insults. How easy it is to be daring in a liberal country! And how cheap!

Dali, with his sharp instinct for publicity, was the first to sense that they could not get away with this sort of horseplay — not in the long run and in a city already fed up with such antics. In search of new hunting grounds, he discovered the United States, whither he imported not only the surrealist tricks but also the surrealist Muse — a fabulous female by the name of Gala, a Russian of unusual imagination and energy. She has

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been a faithful devotee of the surrealist movement, first in her capacity as Madame Paul Eluard, subsequently as an assiduous promoter of Max Ernst's talent, and finally as Madame Salvador Dali.

Dali's American career, started as far back as 1934, flourished impressively. The dashing young man from Catalonia proved himself a master in arousing scandal and whipping up curiosity. Whatever he did became the talk of the town. His experiments in window dressing and window smashing, his Dream Pavilion and fantastic films, his ballets *Bacchanale* and *Labyrinth* — both produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company — and his jewelry ("designed in collaboration with the Duke de Verdura") — all his poses and paradoxes touched the imagination of a naïvely responsive audience. At the same time, however, his solid craftsmanship has been recognized and well paid for by exacting collectors.

His inordinate popularity on this side of the Atlantic gradually got on the nerves of the real surrealists, those who remained in Paris. At first they had thought it a good idea to let him popularize their nebulous cause in Hollywood and New York. But the Catalan went too far for their comfort when he posed as *the* representative, and even as the inventor, owner and incarnation of the surrealist movement. Breton felt that his disciple was on the point of stealing his show. He excommunicated Dali. His people unleashed an avalanche of abuse against the presumptuous dissident. They called him a traitor, a dilettante, a Franco agent, and — insult of insults — an academician.

III

Just when Dali was staging and exploiting the surrealist vogue in America, about 1938 and 1939, Breton's position in Paris was becoming more and more desperate. Nobody was any longer startled when the intense and now aging young men darted their rabid invectives against God and the French Academy, the League of Nations, the Russian ballet, Cézanne, and the Bank of England. Little by little, the most talented writers withdrew from the club. The first to desert was Philippe Soupault, who backslid to professional journalism. René Crevel, the purest and most lovable character among them all, committed suicide, leaving on his chaotic desk this terrible note: "I am disgusted with everything." Louis Aragon renounced macabre eccentricities and joined the disciplined family of

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Little Father Stalin. So did Paul Eluard, whom the surrealists had called the "nurse of stars," nobody knows why.

A disaster of apocalyptic dimensions threatened Europe and the world. But Breton and his depleted following continued to concoct and publicize their unsavory mixture of Marxism and paranoia, music hall and psychoanalysis. As the Nazi hordes invaded Austria, Czechoslovakia, Norway and the Low Countries, the surrealists kept on gushing insults and paradoxes. The approach of chaos convulsed our civilization, but the unflagging parlor anarchists stuck to their lurid games, clamoring for even more chaos.

They got it. The Maginot Line proved as chimerical as a spectre evoked by Ernst or Dali. The situation, in short, looked grim for those spoiled *enfants terribles* of a cosmopolitan café society. But the surrealists manage to dodge tragedy, consistently, cleverly, under all circumstances. Their good luck seems surreal. Millions may die and worlds may crash, but the Breton coterie will be carried to safety and comfort on the wings of benevolent angels.

In this case, the friendly wings were spread by Peggy Guggenheim. They sheltered not only the surrealist messiah and his prophet, i.e., Breton and Ernst, but a batch of their friends. The party occupied most of the seats and beds in a transatlantic clipper. Shortly after Marshal Petain signed his agreement with Hitler, the American lady signed a check and the surrealist family rose into the skies. Ernst married Miss Guggenheim and the American phase of surrealism got off to a start with one of the great American fortunes at its disposal.

So the whole show can now begin again, solidly backed and glaringly advertised in the United States. Deplorably *passé* in Montmartre and Montparnasse even before the war, surrealism has a new lease on life along Park Avenue and in the 57th Street galleries. Shocked and amused, Americans witness an increasingly fashionable revival of all the familiar gags: the fancy publications and complicated intrigues, the noisy artistic snobbery, the fights, the pretentious blare and bustle. Of course, some of the more daring gadgets have to be sacrificed — the anti-capitalist and anti-God stuff, for example, is a trifle too hot for Park Avenue palates.

But there is plenty of fun, in the name of the incomprehensible arts, even without rude blasphemies and red banners. An intricate set of social preferences and jealousies is

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being hatched and nurtured. Who can be played off against whom? What can be done to compromise that arch-villain, Dali? What about the American Primitives, discovered and advertised by the critic and art collector Sidney Janis — should they be admitted to the Guggenheim museum, *Art of This Century*? The Primitives might look a little too refined and decadent amidst the gaudy toys in the exhibition. The Guggenheim gallery looks like the amusement area at a second-rate World's Fair, say in Mexico City or Bucharest, with all kinds of turning wheels, changing lights and mechanical tricks. But behind it all, an industrious connoisseur might discover a few really fine canvases by Chagall, Chirico, Klee, or Braque.

It goes without saying that the American installment of the surrealist movement enjoys a little magazine. It is called *View* and is edited by a young man named Charles Henri Ford. It is as cute as can be. I enjoyed especially the issue in which a Mr. Calas signed as guest editor. The leading feature was an interview granted to Mr. Calas by Mr. Breton. Mr. Calas assures us that Mr. Breton assured him that both Messrs. Breton and Calas are very eminent poets. There were also edifying passages on the "truly surrealist flora" of the New York countryside. The nation at large will be thrilled to learn that Breton liked "enormously" what he had seen of the Hudson and has already begun his "initiation into the mysteries of American butterflies." Mr. Calas' final question was whether Mr. Breton thinks that a Third Manifesto of Surrealism is in order? "Absolutely!" Mr. Breton replied.

IV

Why shouldn't these people have as good and gay a time as possible, despite wars and Hitlers and other nuisances? There can be no real objection to their innocuous games. There is nothing terribly wrong with a surrealist exhibition of their "First Papers," under auspices of the Co-ordinating Council of French Relief Societies. Consider the essential innocence of "His twine: Marcel Duchamp." "His twine" is a very intriguing surrealist trick — a kind of labyrinth through which the visitors have to find their way. M. Duchamp, the inventor of this device, introduces himself as a "French painter, Cubist, Dadaist, artist and anti-artist."

The tip-off is in the last word. I am against surrealism because I am in favor of art. The world is being

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wrecked by anti-artists. Hitler and Goering are anti-artists. So are Laval, Franco, Mussolini. Surrealism is not the disease but another of the symptoms. The disease is fascism, the revolution of nihilism. The surrealists are the nihilists in art.

"That was really the trouble with the surrealist crowd," says Gertrude Stein — not conservative, on the whole, in esthetic matters — "they missed their moment of becoming civilized . . . they wanted publicity, not civilization, and so really they never succeeded in being peaceful and exciting."

Far from being peaceful and exciting, the surrealists become increasingly dull, while remaining noisy and truculent. Nothing could be more tiresome than the clichés of madness. The Venus of Milo may be a bore when presented as the obligatory norm of beauty and the surrealists have a right to sneer at her. But what do they offer to supersede the debunked ideal? The Venus with three profiles, a fish tail, her eyes teeming with vermin and a pianoforte instead of a bosom. Just another stereotype, a new bunk.

The surrealists repeat themselves with dreary obstinacy. They fail to understand that their time is over. They do not grasp that their play-acting has become silly against the backdrop of a universal cataclysm. If they were not lacking in elementary tact, they would feel how stupid it is to praise the Marquis de Sade when hordes of sadists are making a shambles of civilization.

The question is not whether, and to what extent, the surrealists are artists in their capacities as poets, painters, writers and critics. Some of them, I think, are fairly gifted — Yves Tanguy, for instance, whose vision has a genuine poetic quality; or Dali at his best. It is in their capacities as crusaders that they become utterly mischievous. The Breton group and their devotees keep pretending that they have a mission. They imagine themselves innovators, captains of a revolutionary movement.

What kind of revolution, then, do they herald? An upheaval without consistent aims, without a feasible program. Its every assertion is a negation, the whole thing adds up to a hoax. It is not directed against any particular order, but against order and reason as such.

These trends are implicit in the prose and poetry, the painting and music, the sculpture, and the bizarre and unfunny jokes. They are explicit in the surrealist pronouncements. Mr. Calas, in his role as Breton's publicity agent, recom-

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mends surrealism as the "revolt against beauty." In *New Directions*, he hails the movement as a revolt also against intellectual responsibility — "to *responsibility* the surrealists oppose *revelation*" — and revolt against humanism. "Once again," says Calas, "humanism comes to an end. I cannot but agree again with Ezra Pound. . . ."

As is generally known, Mr. Pound is a frank Fascist agent. Messrs. Calas and Breton and Ernst and their surrealist coterie are nothing of the kind. No doubt they dislike fascism heartily. Yet their methods and philosophy have unmistakable Nazoid aspects. On their own reduced scale, they are as brutal and as irresponsible, as vociferous and as mystic, as cunning and as confused as the great Führer. Obviously, it would be hateful and disproportionate to compare a handful of exiled artists and their confused American friends to the fiendish Nazis. What I am trying to point out is the subtle but profound affinity between the murderous destructiveness of the Nazis and the playful destructiveness — of values, forms, sentiments, deep-rooted affections — of certain artistic movements, of which surrealism is the latest and most spectacular exemplification.

Our civilization is too seriously imperiled by dark, irrational forces to cry down logic and harmony. Breton wants the artist to create with "thought's dictation, all exercise of reason and every esthetic or moral preoccupation being absent." This is evil advice. The exercise of reason and morality are all too absent from this blood-smeared, insanity-stricken planet.

It cannot, it must not, be the function of art to glorify and multiply the present disorder. Its mission must be, rather, to anticipate and inspire the slow reconstruction that will come when we emerge from "his twine," from the dark and mystifying corridor devised by the twisted little corporal.

I am against surrealism because I have seen what the world looks like "with every esthetic and moral preoccupation being absent." It looks like hell, or like a surrealist painting.

Note by Goethe

¶ That which thy fathers have bequeathed to thee, earn it anew if thou wouldst possess it.

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▶ *Britain's most colorful leader and how he trains his men:*

MOUNTBATTEN AND HIS COMMANDOS

By William Bayles

Lord Louis Mountbatten is a tall, Gary Cooperish man who holds one of the war's most important jobs. As head of Britain's Department of Combined Operations, he works at the nerve center of Allied strategy, and as commander of the Commandos, he operates the shifting spearhead of men and machines which paves the way for execution of the military plans entrusted to him. Most observers agree that Lord Louis is the ideal man for the job. He possesses most of the virtues Tommy Atkins admires in a fighting man and lacks the enervating political vices usually associated with the traditional service type. At forty-two, he is the youngest service chief. His position as a member of the royal house makes him immune to the virus of social ambition, yet he has the advantage of birth that British military leaders are taught to respect. As a sailor whose active life has been spent at sea, he neither understands nor cares a hoot for the bureaucratic niceties which tie up most service projects in endless red tape. And what England's fighting men like most about him is his boyish enthusiasm for ideas and gadgets.

The Mountbatten touch is apparent throughout the Combined Operations setup. For instance, Lord Louis saves months, if not years, of interdepartmental consideration by his system of dealing with admirals and generals. "What would you do," he asks, bursting in upon a typical conference, "if Jerry turned up with a trench mortar shell that had 50 per cent more range and 25 per cent more explosive power than ours?" The generals and admirals begin to look worried. "Well, he hasn't got it," Lord Louis snaps, "but *we* have." He slaps down specifications and test reports and usually gets an on-the-spot decision.

Combined Operations Headquarters (COHQ) gives off an atmosphere of industry and efficiency, like a Boy Scout camp. The walls are lined with cautious posters — "These Walls Are Not Soundproof" — and with photographs from Commando raids captioned "A Grand

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Job Because No One Talked." Young officers with their coats off and sleeves rolled up rush in and out of each other's rooms and form earnest, enthusiastic groups in the corridors. They appear to be in their thirties, following the Mountbatten axiom: "Under thirty they wouldn't be experienced enough and much over forty they wouldn't be young enough." Officers give the impression of being a little aghast at their own audacity in "mucking together" in defiance of traditional inter-service barriers and rank insignia. Lord Louis himself sets an example of hard work for his men by arriving at 9 A.M. in the Ford car he drives himself, and never leaving his desk until around midnight. His staff, which includes a rear admiral, major general, air vice-marshal and a major general in the United States Army, keeps the same hours.

The stories of Mountbatten inventiveness and general ability to get things done are innumerable. Simply to convince himself that any natural inaptitude can be overcome through diligent application, he learned to play polo by studying slow-motion films of international players in action, then practiced until he had mastered each stroke. He formed a sailors' team, the Bluejackets, which learned its tactics by moving balls on a billiard table. This outfit trounced the crack Army team of the Royal Horse Guards and galloped off with the Hurlingham Championship. While in transit through the polo world, Lord Louis invented a new polo stick, sat on the International Rules Committee, and wrote *An Introduction to Polo*, which he signed, facetiously, "Marco." In other fields, his inventive genius created such disparate gadgets as a signalling shutter and a station keeper, both used on all new British destroyers; an elevator for his London home, which once stuck between floors for ten minutes with Queen Mary in it; and an electric eye to snap open his front door in the faces of astonished visitors. He is also credited with introducing the zipper to the trouser fly in England.

II

Oddly enough, this British sparkplug is a full-blooded German by every Nazi racial standard. His mother, Princess Victoria, the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and her Hanoverian husband Albert, married Prince Louis von Battenberg, who became a naturalized British subject in 1868 and rose to be First Sea Lord in 1914. Hysteria of the first World War

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forced him to resign that post, however, and he later renounced his German titles, changed his name to its English equivalent, Mountbatten, and was elevated to the British peerage as the Marquess of Milford Haven.

His son, Lord Louis, began life at once as a man of action. At his christening, he assaulted great-grandmother Queen Victoria and tore off the royal spectacles. Czar Nicholas of Russia, as godfather and uncle, gave him a name on this occasion. It was Louis Francis Albert Victor Nicholas Mountbatten, shortened thereafter by common consent to "Dickie." Apprenticed to the sea at twelve, Dickie went first to Osborne Naval College, then to Dartmouth, the Annapolis of England. The war caught him four years later. He slung his first hammock as a midshipman on Admiral Beatty's flagship, the *Lion*, and wound up the war as second in command of an escort vessel in the North Sea. "Lord Looie," as he was known below decks, successfully avoided the routine of a Navy career. He spent the first post-war years at Christ College, Cambridge, where he was the liveliest of the gay young officers trying to be youthful again, then went off on junkets to Australia, New Zealand, India and the Far East with the Prince of Wales, whom he served as companion and personal ADC.

Returning to England again at the age of twenty-two, he married Edwina Annette Cynthia Ashley, "the richest girl in England." From that point on, between the two installments of world war, he lived a fabulous life. After a honeymoon tour of America in a private railway car, the Mountbattens returned to the bride's inherited architectural monstrosity on Park Lane, with its marble stairways, eleven reception rooms, dining room for one hundred people, twenty-four bedrooms, nine baths and a den modeled like a ship's cabin. The Mountbattens wearied of this ornateness, sold it for a hundred thousand dollars, and moved into the simplicity of a penthouse consisting of five reception rooms, eighteen bedrooms and seven baths, with a children's wing for the two Mountbatten daughters, Patricia and Pamela. International society gathered at this ménage. Both Lord and Lady Louis were close to Edward at the time he became king, and when the abdication came, they stood by the lovers. When the growing crisis in Europe drove the Windsors back to England, Lord Louis picked them up at a French port and brought them across the Channel in a destroyer.

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September 1939 ended the splendor of Mountbatten life abruptly. Lord Louis became a fighting man in the most realistic sense of the word. Lady Louis devoted her time to the St. John's Ambulance Brigade and the Red Cross. Their penthouse went in a bombing raid.

With the rank of captain, Lord Louis was given command of the Fifth Destroyer Flotilla. His flagship, the *Kelly*, ran through a series of exploits which constitute one of the war's great stories. She began by striking a mine while nosing along the French coast in the winter of 1939, and was nursed home with her bows blown wide open. Next summer, she connected with a torpedo off Norway and the admiral commanding the operation ordered her abandoned and sunk, but Lord Louis refused to obey. He asked to be left alone, and with a skeleton volunteer crew, he remained on his ship through three days of bombing and machine-gunning by the *Luftwaffe*. When the attack became too intense, the men took to the boats and rowed around the ship, fighting off straffing planes with rifles and tommy-guns. After four days of barrage by daylight and towing by night, the *Kelly* made port and Mountbatten got the DSO from his cousin Bertie, George VI. While the ship was being rebuilt, Lord Louis took the destroyer *Javelin* out on Channel patrol, where she was nearly sliced in half by a torpedo. Captain Mountbatten was able to bring the remains back to port stern-foremost.

The *Kelly* got into action again and Lord Louis arrived in the Mediterranean with his flotilla in time for the Battle of Crete. He successfully dodged the high-level bombers by zigzagging under the falling explosives, but the dive bombers came and the *Kelly*, making thirty-five knots an hour, took a thousand-pounder on her forward deck. She ploughed to the bottom in a few seconds, her propellers driving her downward like a crash-diving submarine. Lord Louis went down with her, but the pressure of the water lifted him free and he came to the surface. After this narrow escape, he was sent to the United States in August 1941 to assume command of the aircraft carrier *Illustrious*, then undergoing repairs at Norfolk, but he was rushed back again to England for a vital job. After six months of publicized secrecy, the job turned out to be Chief of Combined Operations.

III

As Chief of Combined Operations, Mountbatten is a vice-admiral, lieu-

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tenant general and air marshal all in one and he has a seat on the Chiefs of Staff Committee, yet the only actual fighting force under his command, which operates by his orders alone, is the Commandos. Referred to variously as "the toughest men on earth" and as "Mountbatten's angels," they are the most publicized men in the British force — to the considerable annoyance of their chief, who emphasizes on every possible occasion that they are only a small part of Combined Operations and an infinitesimal unit in the whole war machine.

To make every Commando into a one-man army, Lord Louis and his advisers have devised a system of training that makes a man hard as flint and develops his self-reliance. In Scotland, where much of the training is done, Commando troops are fond of remarking to visitors: "When you first start panting up those great ruddy mountains, the highland sheep just look at you with contempt in their eyes. But after a few weeks, they are downright envious." The hardening process includes swimming in the icy lochs with full equipment, scaling precipices, making long forced marches in all kinds of weather, and doing combat practice with different weapons under actual war conditions.

Commandos are not barracked like ordinary troops, but are simply handed six shillings and eightpence a day for room and board and told to find their own. That in itself requires more than average ability, considering wartime prices in England. The men are also taught to cook. There is no curfew hour for Commandos and each man is on his own responsibility to appear promptly for parade. To test their ingenuity, they are often told at a late hour that the next day's parade will be held at a spot forty or fifty miles away. Another training period is spent at sea, where they learn to handle small ships and speedboats. Commandos are taught not only how to use captured weapons, but how to dismantle and destroy enemy equipment they can't use. Everything that runs on wheels or treads comes within the scope of their instruction, not excluding locomotives and foreign-made omnibuses. During their free time, the troops practice German with each other. Snobbery is completely lacking in the Commandos. Officers and men drink together, sit down together at the same table for meals, and regard one another with mutual respect. Discipline is strict, but it is self-imposed and there is a single punitive measure — R. T. U. (Returned to Unit) — for anyone

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who indicates by his conduct or attitude that he doesn't fit into the corps.

Lord Louis can use his Commandos in any way he chooses; otherwise, he is merely a producer of raids and must obtain his equipment and men from the three services. Once an operation has been decided upon, Lord Louis lays his plan before the service chiefs at a Chiefs of Staff Committee meeting. Naturally, a thousand-bomber raid or a hunt for a German battleship takes precedence over Mountbatten's request for two dozen bombers or a flotilla of destroyers, but no one is more willing to concede this priority. And, of course, the Chiefs of Staff benefit from the activity of Mountbatten's raiders.

With sixteen hundred miles of French and more than a thousand miles of Norwegian coastline at their disposal, the experts of COHQ are not cramped for operational space. The mere raiding of enemy territory, however, would not justify the existence of such an elaborate organization. Each raid must weaken the enemy in morale and manpower, and destroy valuable equipment. Raids are carried out to ascertain the local strength of the enemy, obtain identifications, or test the defenses. New groups of men are sent out on each expedition — and there have been many more than the few publicized ones — to give them valuable experience in the kind of tough, slugging warfare the Allies intend to hurl into Hitler's teeth.

IV

The planning of a combined operation throws COHQ into a fever of activity. Raids are proposed weeks or even months in advance. Once an objective has been chosen for a "job," the intelligence officers compile information which is examined at a conference of the naval, military and air advisers. Aerial reconnaissance is particularly important in this phase of the planning. Photographs must be available to indicate anti-aircraft batteries, anti-tank obstacles, wire entanglements, machine-gun nests, trenches, airdromes, wireless installations, roads and byways. Military intelligence and secret sources of information provide data on the state of the beaches, probable strength of enemy defenses, type of sea patrol maintained and position of the mine fields. Final preparatory step is the construction of a plaster topographical relief of the terrain, with every hill, tree, building, stream, gun position and obstacle reproduced to scale.

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Intelligence then passes on all its information to the planning staff, which maps out a three-dimensional operation to be carried out according to a timetable graduated in seconds. Weather and tide must be considered, distances to be covered; the speed of boats, airplanes and land vehicles computed to a small fraction; and the estimated speed with which the enemy can bring up reinforcements once the attack has begun. If an air bombardment is to precede the raid, it must be coordinated to the second, and if paratroops are used, they must land at the exact spot indicated.

With the plans drawn up, commanders of the forces involved are summoned and allotted their tasks. They select their men and go off to rehearse. The training for a particular job may occupy days or weeks and it is carried out in surroundings approximating those that will be encountered. The individual commando understands that once his task is assigned, the method of achieving it is up to him. He also chooses his own equipment: one member of a raiding party may select a tommy-gun, another may stick three or four pistols in his belt and stuff his pockets with hand grenades. Under Army regulations, the lanky private who wore a pair of felt carpet slippers to France on a recent raid — because "I intended to invade in comfort" — would have been court-martialed. COHQ officers merely smiled.

The keynote of success in a combined operation is surprise and the utmost precautions are taken to prevent any word from leaking out of COHQ that might provide a clue. The troops who participate in a raid are never told their destination until they are on the boats and out of contact with land. During the voyage, they are given final condensed information about the objective, with place names and details. While a raid is in progress, life at COHQ is in high gear. Everyone remains on duty and reports of progress are constantly checked with details of the plan. Officers from COHQ usually accompany raids as observers, if not as active commanders.

At the end of each operation comes that most important follow through, the post-mortem. The men who carried out the raid assemble with the men who planned it, and discuss it with complete frankness. Privates tell generals their views and the generals note suggestions for improvement. Failures and weaknesses are analyzed and remedies discussed. If a new and as yet non-existent weapon is indicated, specifications are drawn

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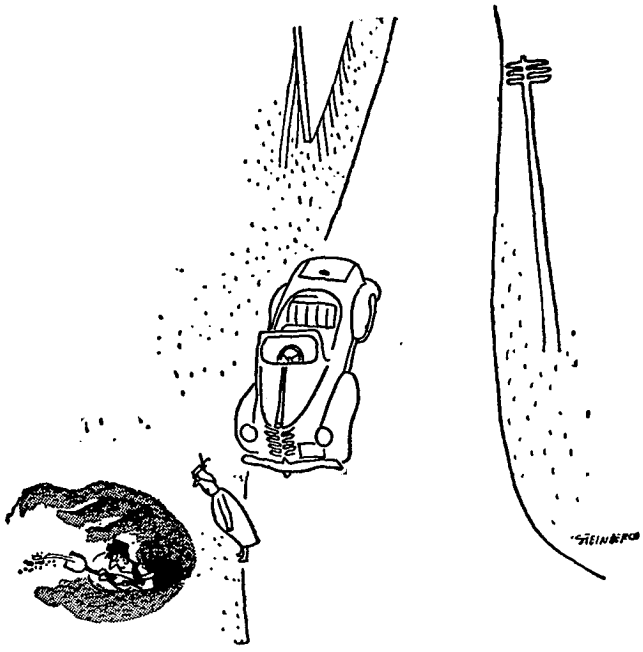
up on the spot and designers go to work on it. Lord Louis is only too willing to admit mistakes, but with each admission he guarantees that the mistake will not be made again.

The United States Rangers, selected and trained by the Commando system, today are swelling the ranks of the special shock-troop units at Lord Louis' disposal. A Ranger officer has described his outfit and the Commandos as the backfield of the All-Allied eleven. "When we go over there," he said, "you won't see any gentleman's football game. We've got a good line and we're training a lot of men to carry the ball. Just keep your eye on them when they get going."

Keep your eye, too, on the quarterback. He's likely to be Lord Louis Mountbatten.



"But George, even if you do strike oil, you'd still have to turn it into gasoline."

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MY HOME WAS FLOWERS OPENED

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

I leaned and looked at my old home below,
But it was morning-glories specked with snow,
Not islands, bays, and seagulls, not gray ledges,
But flowers opened with sun upon their edges.
Two thousand feet in under my winged seat,
My farm was glossy leaves veined sharp and neat,
Each elm tree had its shadow tied to it,
Squared fields made a geometry to fit
The airy minds of angels thinking light,
Great compasses had set wild nature right.
The only neighbors I saw besides the trees
Were six bright-banded cows the size of bees,
Stuck fast and deep in a slab of honeycomb,
And one short man bringing his long shadow home.
A huckleberry island on the flood
Burned with Autumn like a drop of blood,
The cedars came up towards me burning green,
Slender as seraphs with deep dark between,
Colored maple trees were coals of fire,
Long ledges were long threads of silver wire.
I saw deep into bays, they were designs
Of unbelievable and lovely vines,
The channels in the mud were tendrils growing
Out from dark water. Everywhere it was snowing
Under me, and it was minute gulls
Or friends' boats with the foam each side their hulls.
Nowhere did transparent colors stop.
That was not my island but a drop
Of amber lying lonely on the sea.
There was no wind below, but every tree
Leaned in equal loveliness due south,
Each island had a white bone in its mouth.
Nothing moved below me, boats stood still
As they cut the ocean. This was the sill
To the door of heaven. What I had thought

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Was coast with islands out beyond was not
Common land and water but sunshot places
Where men should all have flowers for their faces.

SIESTA HOUR IN PAPEETE

By Clifford Gessler

The heavy hand of afternoon weighs down
upon the dampened forehead of the town;
The island city sleeps: its tranquil dust
inscribed with devious, obscure signatures
of silent wheels, its piety and lust
alike held netted in the filatures
of heat. The roofs, like sleek and drowsy cats,
bask in the sunlight, and the plaited mats
are ports for fragile cargo-fleets of dreams.
Only the coco-palm is wakeful there,
tossing its tawny mane in flashing beams
of challenge to vanilla-drunken air . . .
So the heart sleeps in its due season, making
a secret rendezvous for its awaking.

CONNECTICUT AFTER BROADWAY

By Dorothy Lee Richardson

With names in light the sky was throbbing there.
It has its sign here too, —
Red of Arcturus, yellow of Altair,
And nearly neon-blue

Where Vega glitters stellar in the Lyre
Above each lesser light —
Electric notice, pricked in worlds of fire:
"God Tonight."

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THE LIFE INSURANCE AGENT IN WARTIME

AMERICA has always been known as a nation of individualists. From the very founding of this country, we have insisted upon our inherent right to live our own lives and to plan our own futures.

Out of this demand for individual planning has grown the institution of American life insurance. Through this Americans have provided for themselves and their loved ones a greater measure of individual financial security than has ever been known before. In fact, we Americans, representing only 7% of the world's population, own more than 70% of the world's life insurance.

In keeping with American individualism, life insurance itself is individualized—tailored to fit the hopes and ambitions, the needs and income of each policyholder. And each family's insurance program, shaped according to its own particular needs, has been made possible by the untiring work of the life insurance agent.

It is the agents who teach people to understand and appreciate the benefits of life insurance. Through

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their efforts, in times of peace, agents helped some 65,000,000 Americans to take advantage of the flexible, individualized service characteristic of American life insurance.

In wartime, this service takes on new and more important meaning. The agent's work is a major contribution to the morale of our men in the armed forces, for millions of them know that, through life insurance, their families back home are cared for no matter what happens.

The agent's work in wartime also helps prevent inflation. He helps people with excess earnings to invest part of such earnings in life insurance. This keeps excess funds from competing for consumer goods and helps hold down prices.

Life insurance bought today serves a double purpose. It not only provides protection for the policyholder, but a substantial part of the money he pays for such protection is invested by his Company in United States Government Bonds. Since Pearl Harbor, the life insurance companies of America have added nearly $3,000,000,000 to their holdings of United States Government securities . . . money that is going for tanks, planes, guns and other war equipment. In addition, life insurance agents sell War Stamps as part of their daily activities.

Thus, through the life insurance agent, Americans have found a way to accumulate life insurance funds which have not only helped make America what it is, but are now helping to pave the way for Victory.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT, OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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THE EXTERMINATION OF THE JEWS

1. REMEMBER US!

By Ben Hecht

When the time comes to make peace, the men of many countries will sit around the table of judgment. The eyes of the German delegates will look into the eyes of Englishmen, Americans, Russians, Czechs, Poles, Greeks, Norwegians, Belgians, Frenchmen and Dutchmen. All the victims of the German adventure will be there to pass sentence — all but one. Absent from the table of judgment will be the Jew.

There are two reasons for this.

First is the fact that the Jews have only one unity — that of the target. They have lived in the world as a scattered and diverse folk who paid homage to many cultures, many ideologies, and called many flags their own. They had little in common but the Germans' rage against them. The pogrom restores their unity. The Germans have animated the myth of the Jewish menace beyond any of their predecessors and tried to prove their case by presenting the world with a larger pile of Jewish corpses than has ever before been introduced into the ancient argument. Despite this unity of death given the Jews, there will be no nation to represent them at the judgment table. There will be no one from the empire of nightmare in which for many years they dwelt in agony.

The second reason why they will not be represented at the peace conclave is an even more practical one. Outside the borders of Russia, there will not be enough Jews left in Europe to profit by representation were it given them. They will have been reduced from a minority to a phantom. There will be no representatives to make demands in behalf of the three million Jews who once lived in Poland, or of the nine hundred thousand who once lived in Rumania, or of the nine hundred thousand who once lived in Germany, or of the 750,000 who once lived in Hungary, or of the 150,000 who once lived in Czechoslovakia, or of the four hundred

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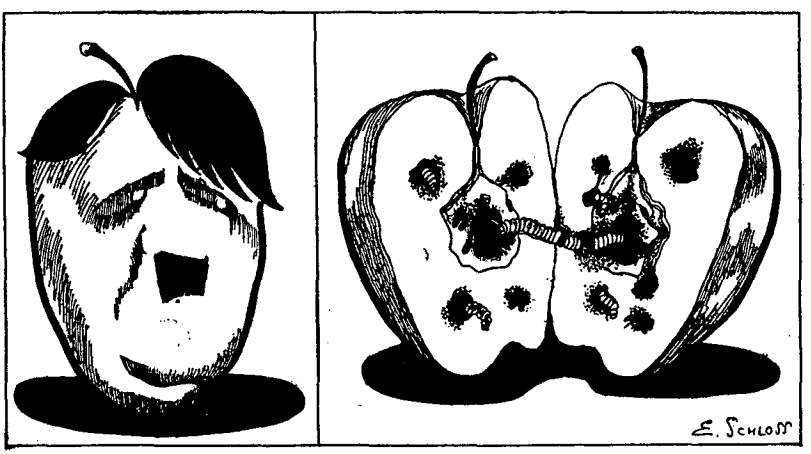
thousand who once lived in France, Holland and Belgium.

Of these six million Jews, almost a third have already been massacred by Germans, Rumanians and Hungarians and the most conservative of the scorekeepers estimate that before the war ends at least another third will have been done to death. These totals will not include Jews who died in the brief battles of the German blitzes. Nor will they include those who figured in the casualty lists of the Russians. Of the three million Jews in Russia, more than seven hundred thousand have entered the Soviet armies and fought and bled on all the valorous battlefields of the Muscovites. These are the lucky Jews of Europe and are not to be counted in the tale of their nightmare.

In the hearts of the millions who were hanged, burned or shot, there was no dream of representation and no hope. They did not die dreaming, like the valorous Greeks, Dutchmen, Frenchmen and Czechs, of abasements to be avenged and homelands to be restored. These great sustaining powers in the human soul are unknown to the Jews. When they die in massacre, they look toward no tomorrow to bring their children happiness and their enemies disaster. They cannot gather strength out of any terrestrial past or future. For it is the whim of history, known to the Jews of Europe, that no homeland



Outside **GERMANY** *Inside*

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is ever theirs, no matter how long they live in it, how well they serve it or how many of its songs they learn to sing.[1]

When the plans for the new world are being threshed out at the peace conference, when the sentences are being passed and the guilt fixed and the plums distributed, there will be nothing for the Jews of Europe to say to the delegates around the judgment table but the faint, sad phrase, "*Remember us!*"

They will have only one political statement to offer and that will be that the manner of their dying must remain one of the measures of the German soul.

There will be wagon loads of savants on both sides, of economists, of metaphysicians, philosophers and financiers to plot the remaking of a world. The dead of many lands will speak for justice, but the Jew alone will have no one to speak for him. His voice will remain outside the hall of judgment, to be heard only when the window is opened and the sad, faint cry drifts in —

"*Remember us!* In the town of Freiburg in the Black Forest, two hundred of us were hanged and left dangling out of our kitchen windows to watch our synagogue burn and our rabbi flogged to death. In Mannheim and Hindenburg, the Germans drove us all into our burning churches where we knelt and prayed and died while they sang their German song outside,

> Break the skulls of all the Jews
> And future glory win.
> Proudly will our banners fly
> When Jewish blood runs from our sabre.

"In the town of Szczucin in Poland on the morning of September 23rd, which was the Day set aside for our Atonement, we were all in our synagogues praying God to forgive us. All our village was there, our bakers, millers, harness-makers, our students, wives, mothers and sisters and every child that was old enough to pronounce the name of God. Above our prayers we heard the sound of the motor lorries. They stopped in front of our synagogue. The Germans tumbled out of them, torches in hand. The Germans set fire to us. When we ran out of the flames, they turned machine guns on us. They seized our women and undressed them and made them run naked through the market place before their whips. All of us were killed before our Atonement was done. *Remember us!*

"Remember us in Wloclawek,

[1] In proportion to their numbers, there were more Jews who died in the first World War defending the Kaiser's Germany than there were Germans. The Jewish Soldier Cemetery outside Berlin, unless it has been plowed up and turned into a concentration camp, is witness to this.

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Here also the Germans came when we were at worship. The Germans tore the prayer shawls from our heads. Under whips and bayonets, they made us use our prayer shawls as mops to clean out German latrines. We were all dead when the sun set. *Remember us!*

"In Mogielnica, in Brzeziny, in Wengrow and in many such places where we lived obeying the law, studying to be wise, working for our bread and offering harm to no one, there also the Germans came with their bayonets and torches, debasing us first and then killing us slowly so they might longer enjoy the massacres.

"In Lublin, five hundred of our women and children were led to the market place and stood against the vegetable stalls they knew so well. Here the Germans turned machine guns on us and killed us all. But this was not as bad as in other places, for here we died quickly.

"In Warsaw, in the year 1941, we kept count and at the end of twelve months 72,279 of us had died. Most of us were shot but there were thousands of us who were whipped and bayoneted to death on the more serious charge of having been caught praying to God for deliverance.

"In the seven months after June 1941, there were sixty thousand of us massacred in Bessarabia and Bukhovina. There were more of us than that killed in Minsk. We hung from windows and burned in basements and were beaten to death in the market place and this was a time of great celebration for the Germans. *Remember us!*

"Remember us who were put in the freight trains that left France, Holland and Belgium and who rode standing up to the east. We died standing up for there was no food or air or water. Of the twenty thousand who made that trip, only a few hundred were taken alive from the boxcars. These were sent to Transnistria and in Transnistria we all died of hunger slowly and under the watchful eyes of the Germans and Rumanians.

"In Kiev no Jew young or old was left alive. We fill the waters of the Dnieper today with our bodies. There are thousands of us in the waters. And for a long time to come, no one will be able to drink from that river or to swim in it. For we are still there. And this, too, is held against us, that we have poisoned the waters of the Dnieper with our dead bodies.

"Remember us who were in the Ukraine. Here the Germans grew angry with us because we were costing them too much time and

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ammunition to kill. They devised a less expensive method. They took our women into the roads and tied them together with their children. Then they drove their heavy motor lorries into us. Thousands of us died in this way, with the German military cars running back and forth over our broken bodies.

"In Chelm, Poland, the Germans paid special attention to our hospitals and orphan homes. They entered these places and hurled our sick and our children into the streets.

"Remember us in Ismail when the Rumanians came. For two days, they were busy leading all the Jews to the synagogue. We were all finally locked inside it. The doors and windows were sealed. Then the Iron Guards blew us up with dynamite and threw torches at those of us who were not quite dead.

"In Odessa, the Germans led five thousand of us out into the country roads. We were mostly old men, old women and children — some too old and some too young to walk. Above our heads the Germans flew their bombers and dropped their bombs on us. The German officers yelled to us that we should be proud for we were serving Germany by helping their fliers improve their marksmanship. But their marksmanship was good. Of the five thousand, none of us remained alive.

"In Ungheni, Rumania, the Germans accused us of crimes against the police. Three thousand of us were tried. The Germans followed us to our homes. They had been forbidden to waste bullets on us. They obeyed their officers. We were old and unarmed but it took the Germans two days to club us all to death with their rifle butts and rip us into silence with their bayonets.

"In Riga, a thousand of us arrived on a transport from Germany as conscripted laborers. We had been traveling in sealed compartments for days without food. The Germans in Riga unlocked our compartment and looked us over. The Germans in Riga decided we were too weak to be of any use in the factories. They put us into large wagons, sealed the wagons and drove us into the fields and dynamited us. None of us was left alive. Remember us who were workingmen.

"Remember, too, those of us who were not killed by the Germans but who killed themselves. Some say there were a hundred thousand of us, some say two hundred thousand. No count was kept. Our deaths accomplished little, but it made us happy to die quickly and

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to know that we were robbing the Germans of their sport."

These are only a few of the voices. There are many more and there will be more millions.

When the German delegates sit at the peace table with their monocles restored to their pale eyes, no sons or survivors or representatives of these myriad dead will be inside the hall to speak for them. And by that time, it will be seen that the Jews are Jews only when they fall under German rifle butts, before German motor lorries and hang from German belts out of their kitchen windows. It will be seen that the Jews are Jews only when they stand up for the hour of extermination. Once dead, it will be seen that they are left without a government to speak for their avenging and that there is no banner to fly in their tomorrow.

Only this that I write — and all the narratives like it that will be written — will be their voice that may drift in through the opened window of the judgment hall.

2. *HORROR UNLIMITED*

By Eugene Lyons

Two million "entirely innocent men, women and children" of the Jewish race, in the words of a joint declaration of the United Nations, have been murdered by the Nazis and five million more face extinction hourly. It is the blackest, most horrifying massacre in all human history. The ugly facts cited by Ben Hecht above, and the additional facts cited below, have been gathered by various Jewish agencies in London, Geneva, Palestine, New York, and by governments-in-exile. They have been independently confirmed by American and other government representatives at neutral points.

The mountains of corpses must not hide from view the towering heroism of the victims. The reports include many tales of faith and courage and self-sacrifice. Men with the hearts of lions — Jews, Poles, others — have risked death and torture to bring the terrible news to the outside world. Without a second thought, men who had escaped the slaughter house that is Eastern Europe, have walked back into it to do necessary work. When it is safe to tell the story in full, the

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depravity of the murderers will seem even deeper by contrast with the heroism of their victims.

On January 30, 1939, Hitler promised that World War II would result in "the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe." On June 12, 1942, Goebbels assured the Germans that the Jews would "atone" for the RAF bombings of Cologne and other Reich cities "with the extermination of their race in all Europe." Only the other day, Robert Ley, Nazi Labor Minister, told Germans in Essen that his régime intended to "go on waging this war until the Jews have been wiped off the face of the earth." The massacres are no sudden burst of bestiality. They represent a planned, cold-blooded project in mass murder. Karl Rudolf Best, "legal" adviser to the Gestapo, explained the monstrous fact early last summer: "The extermination and removal of foreign peoples," he said, "does not, according to historical experience, conflict with the laws of life, if carried out totally."

If carried out totally! But the butchery of millions of men, women and children is no easy task. They must be congregated, sorted, finished off expertly and economically, buried or "processed." German efficiency has been equal to the challenge. Scientific methods of wholesale killing have been devised. Lethal gases. Mass electrocution. Suffocation in hermetically sealed buildings. Scientific methods have also been used to "reclaim" corpses for manufacture of fertilizer.

From the mass of authenticated reports and documents, we can merely quote passages, almost at random. Here is a glimpse of the Nazi hell offered by *WRN*, a leading Polish underground paper:

> During the recent transfer of Jews from the villages in the vicinity of Warsaw to the city ghetto, all who were unable to keep pace with the German guards, whether they are adults, old people or children, were indiscriminately shot on the spot. . . . What we see with our own eyes is a proof that German officers, petty officers and privates who carry out the henchman's job, do so with more zeal than is required in obedient execution of the orders of their superiors. Thus, in one locality, in a barn where prospective Jewish deportees were gathered, a Gestapo agent in charge, pretending to chat in a friendly fashion with his prisoners, called forward a trembling boy and asked him: "Are you afraid?" The boy whispered: "I am." "You'll fear no more," the Gestapo man reassured him, leading him to the wall, where he emptied his revolver into the body of the child.

And here is a small segment from a detailed underground report. The writer knows its source. It is authentic.

> The extermination of Jews has . . .

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reached the peak of brutality in those parts of Poland that have been annexed to the Reich, for example, in the Kutno province. The Jewish population of a number of towns has been killed by gas. People have been forced into hermetically closed trucks, filled with poisonous gas, in parties of fifty persons, among them whole families, and all entirely in the nude. After fifteen minutes, everybody in the truck was dead. The Jews awaiting their turn were forced, meanwhile, to bury the corpses in one large grave, that looked more like a trench than a grave.

The report goes on to describe how the corpses were covered with chlorine to hold down the stench. Soon the gravediggers were pushed into the lethal truck, poisoned in their turn, and thrown on top of their comrades, and so on hour after hour until the grave was level with the ground.

In the town of Chelm in Poland, forty thousand Jews were gassed within fifty days. Those awaiting their turn, according to another underground communication,

were forced to bury the lot previously killed. In eyewitness reports, we found the names of people who were forced to bury their own wives, children, parents. We found there also descriptions of mothers, with their infants at their breasts, who were thrown into gas chambers, of Germans who wrenched gold teeth from the mouths of corpses, who had been previously completely robbed of their clothes and other belongings. . . . Eisenstadt, of Klodova, had to bury his wife and his one and only daughter, a girl of fifteen. Chrzonstowsky, also of Klodova — his fourteen-year-old son. And one Wiener, of Izbitza-Kujawski — his parents and a brother. Podchlebnik — his parents,

V for Victory *B. Brussel-Smith*

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wife, and two children. Rosenthal — his sixty-year-old father. . . .

One day — on January 13, 1942 — this incident occurred: a baby, bundled in a pillow, chanced to survive the gases in the execution truck. The child was promptly murdered with machine-gun bullets.

Recently, gas-poisoning and machine-gunning has been supplemented by less expensive techniques of murder, such as the hypodermic injection of air into the veins. An efficient Nazi physician or nurse can kill a hundred or more people in an hour by this method. Hordes of West European Jews now don't have to travel all the way to Poland or the Baltic countries to be slaughtered. They are poisoned by air injections en route from Belgium or Holland or Norway to the Reich. A trustworthy German source reveals that since the beginning of last August trains have reached "German frontiers loaded only with corpses."

As for Nazi killings in occupied Russia, here is part of a statement recently submitted to President Roosevelt by Jewish organizations in the United States, summarizing affidavits and underground reports most of which had been authenticated by the State Department through its own channels:

At the Jewish cemetery in Kiev, great masses of Jews were mowed down with automatics and sub-machine guns, their bodies hastily covered with earth, and a new batch of victims quickly lined up for slaughter. These were in turn followed by a third layer of murdered Jews. According to Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov, 52,000 men, women and children were killed during the Kiev massacres, of whom a very large proportion was Jewish. Comparable pogroms took place in Rostov, the Crimea, and in every area seized by German troops and their Rumanian, Hungarian and Slovak allies. Five thousand Jews were massacred following the German occupation of Kerch on the Crimean Peninsula, and their bodies cast into a common grave on the sands near the Black Sea. This particular atrocity was later told by a Jewish fisherman left for dead, who escaped from his interned grave and reached safety behind the Russian lines.

A Russian guerrilla who fought his way to the main Russian position on the Central Front, told a Red Army colonel that in the city of Vitebsk he had with his own eyes seen ten thousand Jews driven into what had been the Red Army Club House and then the building set on fire. A circle of machine-gun-armed German troops stood ready to shoot down any of the men, women or children who attempted to escape from the burning building.

In Pinsk, eight thousand Jews were driven to the outskirts of the city and massacred by machine-gun fire. In the outskirts of Brest-Litovsk, six thousand Jews were butchered in the same way, and peasants of the neighborhood compelled to bury them. In Mariupol, on the Sea of Azov, according to a Soviet account, the entire Jewish population was lined up before anti-tank trenches and shot down in groups of five hundred.

In a city near Smolensk, seven thousand Jews were marched to neighbor-

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ing fields, compelled to dig their own graves and then shot down. Many were buried alive. In Nazi camps holding Soviet prisoners of war, great numbers of Jews have been singled out from the rest, stripped of their clothes and butchered.

Thus Hitler is making good on his promise that "countless numbers of those who laughed . . . no longer laugh today." There are neither words nor emotions to compass the horror. Reason itself falters at the spectacle. The monstrous thing is happening now, at this very minute. To live in a world where such fiendishness flourishes is in itself a humiliation. Only the certainty of victory over the butchers, only the determination that they shall expiate their crimes, makes it possible to breathe the air befouled by their deeds.

BEHOLDING, AS IN A SACRED GLASS

By John Robert Quinn

There is a beauty that we own,
Outlasting food and raiment,
Still shining when the breath is flown
Beyond its claimant.

There is a splendor like the sun
Arrayed within the body,
Which, when the earth, the flesh, are one,
Does not grow shoddy.

There is a star we leave behind,
Another that we follow —
A presence deeper in mankind
Than death can hollow.

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▶ *Once again science comes to the aid of farmers and cattlemen:*

SIRES BY REMOTE CONTROL

By Ross L. Holman

The use of North American bulls to breed South American cows, eight thousand miles away, is becoming an increasingly common dairying practice. Artificial insemination, the process involved in such breeding, has become an important factor in our agricultural economy because it has so many advantages over orthodox methods. If a bull, for instance, is an exceptionally good sire, he can be used to breed calves even after he has died. If he produces exceptionally fine offspring, cows all over the United States can use him as sire while he remains placidly in his high-fenced bull lot.

Although artificial breeding is applied to cattle more extensively than to other domestic animals, it is equally effective in other branches of the livestock industry. It is used with sheep, dogs, mares, and even chickens and turkeys. In all cases, the male and female need never be brought into direct contact. The spermatozoa of the male is carefully taken in a capsule, packed in a specially made vacuum bottle, and sent by plane to whatever part of the world it is needed, and is then injected by skilled operators.

What has the livestock industry to gain by substituting man-made methods of breeding for those provided by nature — especially since artificial insemination requires far more effort? It demands the services of a breeding expert, and extreme precautions to keep the seminal fluid undiluted with injurious substances and under conditions of temperature and packing that will hold its potency.

The answer is that one sire, under proper artificial breeding methods, can beget the offspring of five hundred cows, while under natural conditions one bull to fifty cows is close to the maximum of effective breeding. Indeed, with the new process there is practically no limit to the reproductive capacity of one male animal. In the Animal Husbandry Division of the United States Department of Agriculture recently, one Belgian stallion produced ten billion sperm cells at one service. This is enough to populate

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the globe with his species several times over. Assuming that bovine males are even nearly as prolific, one can readily see what such a method would save in the upkeep of more than 90 per cent more bulls than are needed as paternal ancestors for our livestock.

It is expensive for the average dairyman or beef producer to maintain a thousand-pound bull. And such a male, as he grows older, can be a pain in the neck. To maintain him in the best breeding condition, he should be kept separated from the cows when not needed for service. As age increases, he learns to crash the best of fences and develops a disposition so mean that he is often dangerous to have around. There have been numerous goring fatalities on American farms. Compare this with the convenience of calling in an artificial impregnator when a cow is ready for breeding.

But there is a more important problem, aside from convenience and economy, that this method will help solve. A much wider use of high quality, pure bred males mitigates one of the biggest curses of both the dairy and beef industries — the scrub sire. Many dairymen will pay big sums for outstanding females, but appear to be utterly indifferent to the type of males they own. Their chief concern is the amount of milk the herd will produce for immediate sale and one sire is just as good as another to keep up the milk flow. The next generation of dairy cows is too many years in the future to worry about. Besides, many dairymen dispose of their calves shortly after birth, and renew their herds by purchase. Thus the dairy population tends to be flooded with scrub stock.

But in many sections of the country, dairymen have learned they can keep their herds reproducing without the expense or bother of a sire on the premises. They organize a breeding ring, or join a dairy herd improvement association, that averages about twenty members. Organizations of the latter kind have been in existence twenty-five years. Members chip in to procure one blue-blooded sire and use him to breed the cows of twenty herds. Having to purchase only one bull, instead of twenty, they can afford to acquire one of the finest sires in the country. Then they pay a trained operator to manage the artificial breeding process. In the course of a few years, the average quality of cows in such an association is stepped up immensely. When you realize that one bull serving five

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hundred cows will have five hundred times as much influence on the hereditary characteristics of the next generation as any one of the cows, the tremendous importance of a good sire is obvious.

II

In some sections of the country, organized breeding has become a widespread operation. The Eastern Illinois Livestock Improvement Co-operative embraces an artificial breeding program for both beef and dairy cattle. More than two thousand farm members in eighteen eastern Illinois counties use nine beef and twenty-three dairy bulls to serve ten thousand cows. Each farmer signs a membership agreement to pay six dollars in advance for each cow to be bred. The fluid is collected and kept in storage at forty degrees Fahrenheit. If properly stored, it is effective for ten days, although some authorities believe it can be made to hold its potency much longer.

The Co-operative uses only one veterinarian, Dr. Greg Raps, who trains thirteen impregnators to answer calls. Each inseminator is assigned to a specified district and is supplied daily with the fluid. L. S. Foote, the Co-operative manager, insists that, under artificial breeding, one bull could serve five thousand cows annually, but that the association is at present set on the conservative basis of five hundred cows to a male.

When the Illinois Co-operative buys a male, the animal must not only have the best breeding credentials, but he must be placed under expert management. A bull considered good enough to bring five hundred calves a year into the world is given the best attention money can buy. He is kept in a special barn and lot where attendants see that he gets the choicest feed that modern bovine dietetics can provide. He is taken out at prescribed intervals and exercised. A bull that has had his daily workout will produce 25 to 50 per cent more semen.

One irritating problem that can be brought more effectively under control by artificial insemination is that of contagious or infectious diseases. A non-dairyman can't appreciate what such control means until he owns a herd of cows and has to cope with some bovine disease like contagious abortion, or more properly, Bang's disease. When this scourge hits a dairy community, it can spread more gloom than an epidemic of smallpox. The malady causes cows to abort their calves several months before the

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regular birth date. It spreads from cow to cow and herd to herd, and continues through breeding periods of possibly three or four calves per cow before running its course. When a cow drops a calf prematurely, not only is the calf lost to the owner, but the cow doesn't produce milk in nearly the quantity that she would if she had gone through the normal pregnancy period.

While the new method of reproduction won't completely eliminate the problem from the catalogue of worries with which the dairyman is afflicted, it will create one of the most effective weapons he has ever had to lick infectious bovine diseases. It is generally believed by dairy and beef authorities that many infectious ailments are spread by bulls. When a cow owner keeps a bull under normal conditions, the animal is usually the breeder for a large number of cows besides his own herd. Neighbors who have only a family cow, or not enough cows to justify the upkeep of a bull, will have them serviced for a small fee. Consequently, if either the male or female is affected with a contagious or infectious disease, it starts spreading. Under this system, the average herd owner finds it almost impossible to quarantine his farm. By keeping no bull at all, and having his cows bred artificially from one central community sire kept under complete sanitary conditions, the average dairyman can much more easily save his herd from infection.

III

Our fine American sires are already being used to improve the herds of South American countries. Recently, a half-dozen Shorthorn calves were born on an Argentine farm, sired by a male that was calmly grazing on a pasture eight thousand miles away at the time conception took place. The bull was owned by the National Agricultural Research Center, near Washington, D. C., and his spermatozoa were shipped by airplane in capsule form.

Experts who have been developing this method strongly advise that no one but a skilled operator should use it. They say that, although it will be a most powerful influence in the promotion of better herds, it can be brought quickly into disrepute by the idea that any farmer can work it by himself. They advise use of the breeding rings, or dairy herd improvement associations, already mentioned. Since only one bull is needed for several herds, it is better to let

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him be under the management of an expert who can make it his regular occupation. In many cases, this will be the community veterinarian. Most colleges giving veterinary courses will probably make this sort of training a part of the curriculum. The semen of the male may be collected through two or three different processes. One of these is by collection from the female after a natural service. Another is by a massaging operation on the bull. Still another is the use of a dummy female, equipped with a collection pouch.

When the cow is inseminated, the seminal fluid is usually applied with a syringe handled by a skilled operator, who must know how to test the fluid for its proper potency, measure out the right amount and apply it efficiently. There are sometimes failures in conception, just as with natural breeding, but the Department of Agriculture reports that artificial insemination actually increases the percentage of conceptions. It even effects conception in many valuable females that appear to be sterile under natural breeding. Two other vital advantages are claimed: it extends the period of usefulness of valuable sires which, because of age, are unable to serve any cows, or only a few at most; and it makes use of young sires before they have reached sufficient size to mate normally. As for the abnormality of the process itself, no one has discovered whether it makes any difference either to the bull or the cow.

Artificial insemination is also beginning to be used extensively with poultry. It is just as effective with chickens, but it will be many years before enough economic benefits will accrue to the poultry industry from its use to induce widespread application. One poultryman in Massachusetts, however, is already finding it profitable to breed his hens artificially. He keeps fourteen cocks for about one thousand hens and the males are husbands by remote control only. As in the case with cattle, he saves the cost of upkeep on about ten to fifteen times as many males as he would have to use in the regular way. But since the cost of feeding a chicken is very small anyway, it still wouldn't be economical except for the fact that it is much easier to find a dozen male birds to sire daughters that will lay two hundred or more eggs per year than it is to find ten dozen males of that breeding calibre.

While artificial breeding has proven its value, it would be rash to say that the livestock industry will be able to inaugurate test-tube

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breeding on every farm. Thousands of farmers are located in centers where the formation of a breeding ring is not possible. Owners of unusually large herds still find it more economical to keep their own sires than to pay breeding service on each cow. Several other problems still prevent universal use, but artificial insemination has given a vastly increased number of animal offspring a chance to be well born, and will bring about a great improvement in the average quality.

HISTORY LESSON

By Daniel Smythe

Look down, look down the opening years —
The plums, the wild grapes that bordered all the sky.
Look how the fruitful years were thunders
And the varied ply
Of a century began with light and wonders:
The progress dipping into airs and seas,
The march of the sciences.
This was what we held against the sun,
The good, the famous, the upward spill
Until, until
It was all spoiled, over, done.
The grapes rotted on the vine;
The air was poisoned, and the crumbled stone
Told where the cities clung.
And now blackened, betrayed, alone,
The years toil on with a foul and ancient tongue.

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THE DEATH OF MONTY BARRON

A Story

By George Willis

Kansas City was going mad that Saturday night. Farmers poured into the city from the fields; railroaders leaped from their trains; the bus drivers abandoned the fumes of carbon monoxide and the clattering tin; oil station boys pulled off their greasy overalls and climbed into their Fords; streetcar conductors and cab drivers began dumping the townsfolk, picked up after anxious waits in the suburbs, into the maelstrom that was Twelfth Street.

Down the street, big business men would eat portentous meals at the Plantation Grill of the Hotel Muehlebach. Then they would buy a bottle of whiskey, go to somebody's room to drink the whiskey, sell one another great bills of merchandise with roaring gestures of good-fellowship, write the dinner and the whiskey into the little expense account books, and go to sleep.

On down Twelfth Street, the other way, the musicians would be stirring out, the girls would be powdering and putting on the last touches of their makeup, bartenders would be shining glassware, colored boys would be standing in doorways where dim lights illuminated the shabby stairs to shoddy hotels, ready to interrogate the man who walked in expectant slowness; the high-line, pipe-line, construction men and packing-house workers would be calling on their gods and seeking out the dice tables, the WPA would have its nose in the courage-giving beer, and the moon would come out from behind a cloud. Somewhere, a man was preparing to die.

Monty sat at the piano in the Union Garden, fingering a few chords listlessly, and now and then those slender, muscular, yellowed fingers reached for his beer. He sipped this slowly, with melancholy shrouding the deep, soft brown of his eyes, easing the bleakness of his thin, boney nose, brightening the sallow smoothness of his forehead, which now seemed as yellowish as his hands in the colored lights of the bandstand.

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His mouth, usually full, red and loose, giving the sensual lie to the ascetic character of his Yankee nose, was tightly compressed. From the piano bench, where he sat, he could look down at a slight figure with a gray stubble of beard covering windbeaten, sunburned cheeks under a soiled, full-crowned denim work cap. The little man was in faded overalls and equally faded denim work shirt. Both were filthy with dried clay; his elbow stuck out scrawnily from one ragged sleeve. He was petulantly drunk. He was being cajoled by Irene, big Irene, who had her distended abdomen resting firmly and comfortably against the railing of the bandstand. Monty had just played *Ace in the Hole* for her.

"I ain't got a dollar," the little man said, reeling back on his heels and looking at her with his eyes of washed-out, foamy blue. "I ain't got a dollar."

"Have you got a half a dollar, then?" Irene asked.

"No," he said. "I ain't even got a half a dollar."

"Hmm," Irene said. "Ain't even got a half a dollar." She looked into her beer for a moment. "Have you got any food stamps?" she asked. "Have you got any of those orange and blue food stamps?"

"Yeah."

"Give 'em to me." She stretched out her hand. "They'll do. I can use them all right. Give 'em to me. How many ya got?"

"No you don't." The little man skittered away. "No you don't. I've got to take sompin home. I've got to take sompin home!"

Irene walked swiftly across the floor, raised her ham-like hand and struck the small head a resounding slap on the ear. "Putting in my time on the likes of you," she said.

"Awright," he said, shaking his head with the sting of the blow and blinking his eyes, and looking at her with new wonder in them. He fumbled in his worn wallet, stained with sweat. "Awright," he said. "I'll go."

II

Monty moved over to the public address system to make his request known across the rapidly filling room. He called for beer; he was early to work and he was lonely on the bandstand — the only place, he knew, where he was safe from the people. He fingered his glass in quiet nervousness; his long, tapering fingers were splayed at the tips from playing the piano almost constantly from the time he was six. Almost twenty years on the bench, he always said. He waited

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for the night to begin, another insufferable time between the dusk and the dawn. He loved to play. He must always be at the piano, driving it, listening to it obey him, but he was never happy at it.

He hated the acquiescence to the slightest whims of the slobbering, slovenly, stupid patrons of the gin mills more than any of his variety of resentments and this encompassing distaste so filled his moods that he never really did appear to care.

"Yes, sir. We've got it. Next tune. Put your dime in the box right there. Yes, sir."

He hated all managers and owners of beer parlors. "Hey, you on the piano. Quit tinkering around up there on them high keys. Can't tell what you're playing. Gimme some tune. Gimme the plain tune so's the people can sing. I'll get somebody who can play a tune. Any piano player can play me a tune. Now you come off a that highfalutin' ting-i-ling-i-ling and gimme a tune." The hatred he held was measured by his dependence on these people for his living. Theirs was a horrible circumscription. As his hatred grew, so grew his fear, for they must inevitably suspect him of not being one of them, not sympathetic to them, and to bring a swift denunciation of him, of holding them in deep contempt. He was not afraid of death, of being torn. He was afraid of his living, of being shredded.

Lou came tromping in, his horn bare in his hand, and soon after him came Rusty. Rusty was elated. "I've got a new girl," he said.

"Martha?" asked Monty casually, almost listlessly.

Rusty's grinning face came up from behind the drums where he was adjusting the foot pedal to the bass drum, anchoring it to a cord he had tied around the drum case he sat on. This kept the bass drum from creeping away from him as he played. "Yeah," he said. "It's Martha."

"She's a nice girl," Monty said, striking an A for Lou to tune the trumpet. "I don't know whether you're good enough for her or not." He struck A again as Lou got closer to pitch. "You be nice to her. Don't you push her around, now."

"Jesus Christ!" Lou took the horn away from his lips and said in a high voice of surprise. "What are you talking about, anyway? What do you mean, nice enough for her? She's a hustler, ain't she? Mebbe the hustler ain't nice enough for him."

"Martha is a nice girl," Monty said patiently. "I don't care what she does for a living, she's still solid. Maybe she's better off wearing

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herself out on a bed instead of working herself to death on a machine in a factory. She gets treated better and she eats better and she wears better clothes; and she'll wear out and get old as fast one way as another. I've known a hundred office girls who had to hustle on the side to get their groceries. You just haven't been around long enough to take a good look, boy."

Lou blew A impatiently.

"Lou will tell you who is a good girl," said Rusty, "and who isn't. You just listen to Lou, Monty, and Lou will tell you about character."

Lou trilled with his lip and then sent the blare skyrocketing to make the people look and know that the band was going to play right away. Monty played a rolling, fluttering introduction on the piano — it sounded like the cracking of old glass on the ancient upright — and then roomaboomaboomed the bass in four bars of boogie as Rusty's bass drum caught the beat and held it fast. "Blue Skies," Monty said, and Lou raised his stained, unpolished trumpet to his eager lips. The history of that night was about to be played.

They played and those about them danced, a gyration of grotesque forms in hunched positions, arms extended, small spheres of unrelated action. The heavy shoes now and then collided with the flimsy slippers; the girls threw their hips back and forth rapidly to make their skirts climb above their knees; and the band played on.

Smoke began to thicken, as did the speech of all of them, and minds were befuddled and at peace. It was Saturday night, it was payday, and the backbiting, the loud voices of strident management, the insults applied and implied by an impatient public, the threat of the bread line if you murmured at the gentle knavery or insatiable greed of the man who owned the tools with which you earned your living, the stuffy, small, confining rooms to sleep in, the shabby clothes and clamoring creditors, the thwarted kindliness and frustrated longing for love at any cost — these were to be forgotten in the saline joys of drunkenness and the tempo of the dance.

"Look at them knees," Lou said, while Monty was taking a chorus. "On that big blonde over there. The one that looks like Country, the stripper over at the Winnie Winkle. Man! Ain't that fine?"

Monty grinned and played the rolling bass boogie while he took a drag on his cigarette. He laid it back on the edge of the piano and

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said: "I'll take another one. Got an idea." Lou sat there rocking with the rhythm, his heels tapping with the beat, feeling expansive and drinking beer, setting the glass back down on the floor by his feet, and watching the big blonde dance and shake her skirt up.

A tall, lean man dressed in slacks and a sport shirt, wearing a light-brown felt hat, came in accompanied by a slightly staggering woman who was making unintelligible sounds with her mouth. Her hat had been pushed back on her head, stray wisps of hair were escaping and coming down, her dress of flowered print was wrinkled badly across the hips. The man escorted her to a table. His mouth had become a thin line, his jaw bones were thrust out sharply, the tanned skin over them was taut. He ordered drinks from the waitress, and turned to speak sharply to the woman who was tugging at his shirt sleeve. "Quit pulling at me," he said. "You're always pulling at me. When I am talking to the waitress, you keep quiet. She ain't got all night."

"Oh, nuts on her," the woman said, making an effort to pull her hat back up and, in the process, loosening some more of her hair. "Nuts on her, anyway. And nuts on you, too."

"You shut your mouth," he said. "Or I'll shut it for you. We can't go out any more without you running off at the mouth."

The waitress came with the beer, and was paid under the scowling eyes of the woman. "And that's for you," the man said, handing her a quarter. He had taken off his hat. His hair showed thin and plastered down in the reddish light.

"Making eyes at the little bitch already," the woman said.

"Just keep talking," the man said. "Just keep talking and you'll be wearing a plate tomorrow. I'm going to kick your goddam teeth out."

"Go ahead," she said, and then they drank beer in silence. By her hand was her large, heavy black purse, shining as it lay carelessly in the beer rings on the table.

III

The band was playing the songs they all loved, the old songs . . . if you ever changed your mind, he'd be around where he had been, lonely heart and all . . . if you ever needed a friend on whom you could depend, you knew you could depend on the vocalist . . . he was blue, turning gray over you . . . he wondered why he spent those lonely nights dreaming of a

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song . . . those foolish things reminded Lou of you.

Once the frazzled woman and the tight-faced man got up from the table and came rolling down the dance floor. He went into Kings; she went into Queens. On the way back, she dropped her purse which fell to the floor and struck hard, as if she were carrying a sash-weight in it.

The man bent and picked up her bag. "If you can't carry it," he said, "I'll carry it. Somebody's got to carry it who can."

"Oh, leave me alone, Joe," she said. "Just this once leave me alone. You're always so goddam smart." She jerked away from him, hurried on to the table, sat down, and was drinking when he, too, sat at the table. "Oh, hello," she said, her voice acid. "Did you decide to come along?"

"Just keep carrying on like this and I'm going to mop the floor with you." His voice was low and tight. "I'm going to mop the floor with you from one end to the other. Just because you used to be a hustler, you don't need to act like it all the time."

She turned on him, her eyes flashing. "All right," she said. "All right. So once I was in the gutter. I'm not denying it. As far as I'm concerned, I still am."

The band played the songs they all loved, the new songs . . . they thanked one another for the memories, there were blossoms on Broadway when you were smiling at Lou, it looked like rain in Cherry Blossom Lane, Bei mir bist du schoen meant you were grand. Everybody had a beer. Everybody danced.

Irene came up to the bandstand. "You know," she said to Monty as she rested her weight against the railing and smiled confidentially. "That little feller did too have a half a dollar. I found it on him. So I'm going to buy you all a beer. Let's see . . ." She looked around them and then pointed to herself. "That will be four beers, won't it?"

With her back to the railing, she screeched at the waitress. "Draw four, Mable. Bring 'em up here. Anybody else who wants to buy the band a beer is welcome!" She spoke to Monty again. "Can you imagine that little squirt trying to hold out on me?"

"No, Irene," Monty grinned. "I can't. I wouldn't try it."

Irene smiled archly at him and then the beers came. She handed them around. "Have a drink on the WPA, boys," she said.

"Seen Martha?" Rusty asked.

"Yeah," Irene said. "She's going to be in pretty soon. Soon as she gets caught up on her work, she'll

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be right down." She moved into the table area, looking closely at each man's face as she passed by. Suddenly the man in the sport shirt said something loud and unclear to the frazzled woman by his side. She yelled, "Nuts on you, too." The man got up from the table, scraping the floor harshly with his chair. His face strained white and the two cords of his neck bulged out throbbing. His mouth was twisted as he raised his hand and struck her.

Monty leaped to his feet in a clashing, dissonant chord.

"Sit down for Christ' sake," said Lou. "Play hard. Play loud. Sit down."

"I've got to go down there," said Monty. "He can't do that to a woman."

"She ain't a woman. Sit down and play."

Rusty had been playing the drums solo while the other two were talking. "He'll tell you when it's a woman," he said to Monty. "He knows a woman on sight."

The woman who had been struck sat still. She looked about, trying to fasten her woeful eyes on something. They seemed out of focus as she stared dully around. One hand went up to straighten her blue, beribboned hat back on her head, and then she sobbed, just once.

"He hit me," she wailed softly to those at nearby tables who were looking avidly on. "The son-of-a-bitch hit me." She took a sip of her drink absentmindedly. Then, looking up, she saw him staring down at her, his face working, his hands opening and clutching, his back and shoulders singing with tension. "Oh, God," she said. "You hit me. You two-timing, yellow son-of-a-bitch."

She got up slowly, tottering on unsteady legs, swayed, and threw her glass in his face. As he reeled back, she swung her heavy purse, caught him full on the ear, and felled him. He was on his feet in an instant, and in the hush of the enthralled room, he made a fist of one of his hands and struck her in the stomach. She made a noise and fell to the floor, kneeling, and moaned brokenly. He slapped her again and again, first on one side of her face and then on the other as she came up, and at that moment, Monty Barron got up again from the piano.

"Sit down, chump." Lou got up and caught Monty's arm as he swung one foot over the rail. "You go out there and it's curtains." Lou talked rapidly, his voice hoarse with what he had been

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seeing. "They like to fight them knock-down and drag-out battles, see. And they like to fight 'em in public."

"He can't hit a woman like that while I'm here," Monty said. His eyes were wide and inflamed.

"She ain't a woman," Rusty said. "Lou will tell you when it's a woman."

"You go out there, Monty," Lou said, "and one or the other will beat you to death."

Monty had just turned again to the piano, Rusty sank back to his drum case, and Lou was looking for his horn under the chairs when there came the sound of breaking glass. The man in the slack suit had grabbed a beer bottle by the neck, struck it against the table to break off the bottom and was stepping toward the screaming woman.

"My face. My face." She screamed again. "Oh no, Joe. Not my face." She backed away from him slowly, putting her arms out to plead. "No, Joe. Please, Joe. Not my face. Please not my face. Oh, God, Joe!"

Monty jumped from the stand, ran across the deserted dance floor, jerked the man around and hit him. Blood spurted from the broken nose in a sullen, purplish stream and he hit back at Monty with his left hand, thrust the jagged glass into Monty's shirt front and twisted it.

Monty cried out with the pain, flailed back with both hands, and felt his hands hurt from the blows. He did not see the woman slither over to her large, heavy purse on the floor, see her bend to get it, see her open it. Nor did he see the enormous automatic pistol. Because he was frantically trying to take the broken bottle from this man who struck a woman in public, he did not see her move into a position so that the bullet would strike one man and not the other, did not see her extend the gun, clench her teeth, smile with her ferocious face and fire.

He didn't even hear the first shot, nor the second, for bullets fly faster than sound and the first one made him throw up his hands as if the battle were over and he had been paralyzed while cheering; the second entered his back a moment later, as he was falling to the floor.

He was dead when his face came to rest on the rough planking, in the mess her beer had made when she threw her drink away.

Do not ignore a good word because of the bad man who says it. — *Confucius*

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▶ *In the roster of strange trades this one deserves a high rank:*

HUNTING LIONS FOR PAY

By Irma Fuehr

A savage, relentless war goes on year after year in the untamed wilderness covering much of America's western states. On one side of the conflict are the bears, lions, wildcats, coyotes and wolves which prey on livestock; on the opposing side are the professional hunters, hired by the government to keep predatory animals under control. These hunters subdivide into specialists — lion hunters, wildcat and coyote hunters, rodent trappers.

Outstanding in the business is the lion hunter: his prey is by far the most destructive. For every lion killed, the State of California figures it is fifty deer ahead. Stockmen estimate that fifteen to twenty million dollars worth of cattle slip down the lions' gullets every year. By doing a little arithmetic, California discovered that it lost $15,000 on every lion who lived to old age. And near Tonto Basin, Arizona, raising horses is almost impossible because of the lion's predilection for juicy colts. To combat the menace, California employs four full-time hunters and these men supplement others working for the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, and for the Department of Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service.

The animal they hunt is known variously as puma, panther and cougar. Dun or brindle-colored, he is the size of a Great Dane and twice as powerful. He has been known to kill twelve deer in twelve days, eleven kid goats and three nannies in one night. It is no undue exertion for a 170-pound lion to kill a four-year-old horse weighing twelve hundred pounds, gut him, and drag him a quarter-mile around the mountain to the lion's private dining room. Gulches, fallen trees and boulders never hinder him; he travels straight across them, dragging his kill along. Grace, precision, strength and speed abound in his flexible, compact body. Even his tail carries the strength of a man's arm.

Usually the lion makes his kill by waiting for his prey on a ledge, or the limb of a tree, and then pouncing on the victim's neck with im-

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pact enough to break it. Sometimes he stalks his prey and leaps from the ground; veterans say they have seen a lion jump thirty feet to land on a deer's neck. In any case, the animal's one hundred to two hundred pounds of weight (females average about twenty pounds lighter) is more than enough to gain him an initial advantage.

Against this brute power the lion hunter pits his shrewdness, knowledge of woodcraft, and indifference to danger. Old-timers in the clan work on the theory that if you want to catch a lion you have to smell like one, so they go off into the wilderness with a pouch of cornmeal and a slab of bacon slung on their shoulders, ready to roam the forest by night and sleep in caves by day — a life exactly like the lion's. Such a hunter was Ben Lilly, famous for his work in the Gila Wilderness of New Mexico. He has been dead for several years, but his friends still recall how Ben would set up camp with no more equipment than a rifle, a mangy burro, a Bible, several dogs and some cornmeal. Striking a warm trail, he would be away from camp a week at a time, subsisting on less than two pounds of cornmeal, which he baked into hardtack on heated stones. In spite of a severe piety which prompted him to quit the chase on Saturday night, no matter how hot the trail, Lilly was probably the most successful lion hunter ever seen in the West. Averaging a lion a day, he easily outstripped all competitors.

The modern hunter is a considerably streamlined version of Ben Lilly. He goes to work in a half-ton truck and brings it back loaded with skins. While he may not look as romantic as the old-timer, he knows his business. To work with the almost uncanny precision which characterizes his hunting, he has to know all sorts of things that aren't in the book. He knows the lion more intimately than any scientist alive. For example, he knows that the lion does not roam at random but follows a definite beat, usually in the form of a loop twenty-five to thirty miles around, circling an area about a hundred square miles. The lion covers this beat in four or five days, and then usually begins all over again. Given information on a lion's tracks, an experienced hunter can, by the use of a map, figure out the beat while he is still camped miles away and, arriving on the scene, often bags the lion within a day. Hunters also save time by not covering the same route twice in one day if they want to return to camp at night. Instead, they ride in a loop, cross the lion's tracks sev-

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eral times in one day, and thus get a chance to observe fresh tracks. Sometimes they ride cross-country for a distance of twelve to twenty miles, and stop at opposite ends on alternate nights, thereby crossing the beats of any number of lions in one trip. They know how to keep the beat when the lion has taken a little side-trip to chase deer, and even how to re-establish the beat when cattle have completely obliterated the scent.

II

If the hunter has tricks to his trade, so does the lion. Hard-pressed by the hounds, a smart old cat will often bewilder the dogs by running several yards past the tree he intends to climb, then carefully double back over his own tracks, leap into the tree and hide. Such a ruse bamboozles the hounds completely, and unless the hunter knows of this possibility, the chase ends in utter confusion.

Most hunters do some lion trapping as well as tracking. But among all the hunters I know or have interviewed, no one holds much with trapping except as a last resort, as for instance in districts where poison has been laid for coyotes, or in very hot seasons, when the dogs tire easily. The real lion hunter prefers to rely on a good gun — most use 30-30's, 250-3000's, or German Lugers — and smart, well-trained dogs. Knowing how to pick and train dogs is an art in itself. Almost any dog loves to run deer and rabbits, but that in itself incapacitates him for lion hunting, because the lion hound must be interested only in lion trails and he must have the perseverance and endurance to stick to the trail indefinitely. He must be able to locate a treed lion and have sense enough to bark when he does so. A poorly-trained or stupid dog may simply sit back on his haunches and wait, silently, to see what happens. Most of the hunters I know use a mixed strain, usually a cross with a bloodhound. Redbone, foxhound, Walker and Blue Tick all make excellent trackers when crossed with a bloodhound, and so does a thoroughbred foxhound. A well-trained lion hound is worth $125 to $150, but most hunters train their own, most frequently by leading the puppy on a leash until the lion is treed and then turning him loose at the tree and giving him a taste of the carcass.

A look at a good lion hound at work is worth a dozen visits to a dog show. Sad-faced, mournful-eyed, loppy-eared, cadaverously lean, apathetic while he is tied up at

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camp, he suddenly metamorphoses into a model of intensity, speed and efficiency when he sniffs the lion's trail. He dives up a mountainside with the energy and abandon of a fifty-mile gale, his body close to the ground and his bugle voice echoing through the spruce and pine. Any other dog is a sissy by comparison.

A hunter is no more glamorous than his dogs outside of working hours. He is laconic though not unfriendly and he sees nothing romantic about his job. He likes it, but it is as commonplace as ranching or mining. Outside the camp, hunters appear to be slow, easy-going men with nothing to distinguish them except their sun-and-wind-browned faces and their keen eyes. Only in the woods do they take on the nonchalance, self-assurance and skill which sets them apart. They are fearless without knowing that the word exists.

Even though lions found in the United States will not attack a man unless cornered, the hunting is dangerous. Cornered lions fight back desperately and a wounded one surrounded by dogs struggles like a Russian at Stalingrad. It is no sight for the squeamish. The lion seizes the dog and rolls over on his back, holding his prey with his powerful forepaws while he digs with his teeth and claws with his hindpaws. Because of this danger, hunters no longer use a .22 rifle on lions, for with a .22, it is easy to wound without killing. For the same reason, a hunter ties his dogs before taking aim. Then there are times when a lion trees in a cave. The dogs are usually in the cave before the hunter arrives and he must then crawl inside to defend his dogs. One hunter told me of following five of his dogs into a cave which was black as pitch, while the lion was mauling one of his hounds. Prodding with his gun, he decided which was dog and which lion, placed the gun on the lion's neck, and shot. "I s'pose it was a *bit* dangerous," he remarked. Other hunters have crawled into caves, supposedly after an ordinary mountain lion, and have discovered themselves face to face with the spotted jaguar, which occasionally wanders up from Old Mexico, and which would as soon attack a man as look at him. If a cat is to be brought out alive for a zoo or a moving picture, the job of hunting has added zest. It's hog-tying or nothing.

Hunters laugh at phony writers who describe the lion as filling the lonely mountain nights with piercing, blood-curdling screeches. That is romantic fiction, they say. Actually, the lion has no intention of

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disclosing his presence to his prey, and expresses himself vocally only when fighting with another lion, usually over the possession of a female. Even then the noise is not piercing. It is a hoarse, metallic whistle which does not carry more than a hundred yards. Of course, if he is in great pain, a lion will yowl in no uncertain terms, but he does not entertain himself by screaming on his evening rounds.

III

Behind the job of the professional hunter lies an important philosophy of wildlife conservation. The government, state or federal, is not out to exterminate lions, although they are the least useful to man of all predatory animals. *Control* is the word the government hunter uses. There is a natural balance in the wilderness. Kill off one species and another species gets into trouble or causes trouble for the human race.

A prime example is the case of Kaibib Forest, north of the Grand Canyon, where all lion life had been exterminated by 1919. In five years, the deer had multiplied at such a rate that a hunter counted more than seventeen hundred in one field. There was not enough grass in the area to support them and the starving deer chewed hungrily at the greenery provided by the forest. Thousands of them died during the winter. Finally, the government threw the district open to hunting and now both deer and lions live in the forest, but probably it will take fifty years before the forest recovers from the effect of overgrazing.

Similarly, several years ago, coyotes had become such a nuisance in California that the state offered a bounty of five dollars a head. Seventy-five thousand scalps were turned in the first year, and within two years, California farmers were at their wits' end because the depredations of jack rabbits made farming an unprofitable venture. In handling the lion problem, California has paid bounties on nine thousand of the beasts since 1907 — and that figure doesn't include those killed by professional hunters. Bounties are twenty dollars for a male, thirty for a female. The state has kept its lion population under control, but thus far hasn't thrown nature out of balance.

The professional hunter is the best means of insuring a satisfactory balance between animals. At the same time, he is the surest protection for the small rancher, who cannot afford to hire his own hunters. The employment of professional hunters by the government has

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been beneficial in another way. Under the old hit-or-miss bounty system, independent hunters and trappers were often guilty of "nursing" the animals as an industry, and protecting the young instead of killing them. If a cub brought only five dollars, why not leave it in the forest until it was a full-grown female and would bring in thirty dollars? In 1905, the federal government announced its opposition to bounties — with the result that the old evils gradually disappeared and the professional hunter became an established institution in the West. Now there is no nursing of cubs. The hunter brings in his quota of lions — or else. P.S. — He always brings them in.

The Thinker

(*Dedicated to the defenders of the Caucasus*)

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THE ABC OF DIABETES

By Frederick M. Allen, M.D.

Diabetes is on the increase in the United States. Nearly one person out of every hundred suffers from this disease. More than two out of every hundred will develop it before they die. New York City alone has a probable roster of one hundred thousand cases and a potential list of two hundred thousand. In the entire country there are nearly a million recognized diabetics and more than two million potential victims. Indeed, when routine health examinations eventually become the custom in our American cities, a great many cases of diabetes hitherto unsuspected will emerge. United States public health statistics disclose an increase of diabetic deaths per hundred thousand of population from 2.8 in 1880 to 9.7 in 1900. By 1938, the percentage was up to 23.8 per hundred thousand. Individual diabetics who bring their blood-relatives for medical tests usually discover unsuspected disease in many of the cases.

Modern science, at the price of deep human suffering, has been able to convert what the ancients considered a fatal curse into an "inconvenience," fully compatible with life and health under simple care. An outright cure for diabetes is still to be won out of the locked storehouse of natural therapy. And even if the day of complete cure should be reached by science, there will still be the problem of diabetic heredity to test the ingenuity and invention of medicine. On the basis of available evidence, we can only emphasize that the investigation of diabetes must be deepened and widened before final mastery of the disease is possible.

What is diabetes? It has been confused, in the past, with kidney disorder, or "Bright's disease," with tuberculosis and with all its own infectious complications. Doctors for many centuries fumbled with analyses of the characteristic thirst and polyuria present in diseases whose origin and cure remained mysterious. Certain interpreters, harking back to Biblical times, wondered whether Job, with his boils and other afflictions, was

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not really a victim of diabetes. The name diabetes originated with Celsus, a Greek physician living at the time of Christ. In the original Greek, the word means "siphon," indicating the way in which bodily strength and tissues are siphoned away into excessive urine.

Between the sixth century and the seventeenth, there was almost no progress in the study of this scourge. A few physicians in India and China observed a disorder which they called "honey urine" because ants flocked around the urine of patients so afflicted. Thomas Willis, a professor of medicine at Oxford, tasted the urine of diabetics, much later, and discovered it to be "wonderfully sweet, as if imbued with honey or sugar." But it wasn't until 1840, and the beginnings of scientific animal experimentation in France, that new avenues were opened to the control and analysis of the disease.

Science discovered the ductless glands in the human body. It was observed that the pancreas, or sweetbread, furnishes an important digestive juice for the intestine, and that within this gland are small groups of cells, the "islands of Langerhans." By 1889, von Mering and Minkowski, German experimenters, had demonstrated that the removal of the pancreas causes diabetes in dogs. It soon became evident that the islands of Langerhans secrete a substance, the lack of which will bring on the disease. In 1922, Frederick G. Banting and Charles H. Best succeeded in isolating this substance. The result was insulin, a product now prepared from beef pancreas and available throughout the world.

In normal persons, the body goes through the mysterious and wonderful process of transforming dead food into living tissue and "burning" it for the fuel of life. The normal person digests food and absorbs it from the intestine into the blood, whence the tissues derive their nourishment. Glucose, a form of sugar, and glycogen, the animal starch which the liver and muscles store as a reserve form of glucose, are easily utilized by the normal system. In diabetes, there is an excess of glucose accumulated. The patient digests his food, absorbs it from the intestine, but fails to assimilate it adequately. The glucose, which can also be formed by the bodily chemistry from materials other than sugar and starch in the diet, begins to overload the blood and urine. This sugar creates thirst, just as salt does, and the result is an unusual volume of pale urine of high specific gravity. Accompanying the

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typical thirst and hunger is a loss of weight and strength. The body, in its attempt to make up for the deficiencies of non-assimilation, demands more food. Starvation in the midst of plenty is the tragic consequence. Diabetic patients, before the advent of insulin, often reached skeletal emaciation. Insulin, of course, makes assimilation possible.

II

This problem of malnutrition is paramount in the development of diabetic complications. Since the body's resistance is lowered by poor nutrition, various distressing ailments may arise. A truly harmless or safe diabetes does not exist. In general, complications take two forms: the non-infectious and the infectious.

Non-infectious examples are the familiar itching of the skin, eczema and other eruptions resulting from unusual dryness. One of the most frequent forms of itching occurs about the genitals, particularly in women, as a result of the sugar-rich urine. Since bacteria thrive in sugar solutions, infection is often added and may extend to inflammation of the bladder as well.

The infectious complications include chronic ulcers of the skin, decay of teeth and pyorrhea, and, most serious of all, crops of boils, carbuncles and tuberculosis. Tuberculous infection has a special relation to bodily nutrition, of course, so that its prevalence among diabetics is understandable. At one time, more than one-third of all diabetics died of tuberculosis. Now that treatment is advanced and insulin assists nutrition, both the incidence and mortality of tuberculosis among diabetics have diminished progressively.

Many persons suffering from the malnutrition of diabetic tissue develop eye troubles, especially cataract or retinitis. Cataract, a clouding of the optic lens, will cause blindness unless successful surgery removes the lens. In retinitis, the nerve organ essential to sight is destroyed by small hemorrhages. With proper diabetic treatment, the disturbance may be checked in its early stages. If the retina should be destroyed, blindness will be incurable.

Malnutrition of nerves, another accompaniment of diabetes, may account for neuritis, ranging from a severe sciatica or facial neuralgia to vague pains in various parts of the body. Often, these symptoms are refractory to treatment until the basic diabetes is controlled. The most dangerous complications are coma and arteriosclerosis.

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Coma in diabetes is a poisoning by "acetone" acids which the body forms from fat, when utilization of glucose is extremely deficient. A majority of youthful diabetics used to die from this cause before modern treatment reached its present facility. The chief signs of impending coma, at that time, were observable as progressive drowsiness and deep, labored breathing. Today, under partial insulin treatment, the onset of coma is generally signalized by some shortness of breath, nausea, vomiting and acute abdominal pain suggestive of appendicitis. Insulin has reduced coma deaths to a small fraction of the previous record.

Arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, occurs in some degree in every long-standing case of neglected diabetes. The cause is debatable, but it is likely that this condition, which usually accompanies senility, is accelerated in younger patients by the malnutrition of diabetic arteries. The walls of the arteries become thicker, as the disease advances, until they carry less and less blood and the regions which they would ordinarily supply begin to suffer the lack. In some cases, where the brain arteries are affected, a form of dementia results. In more frequent instances, the coronary arteries of the heart are obstructed, with resultant angina and heart failure. Most numerous of all are the cases of obstruction, causing leg artery pain and other signs of circulatory disturbance in the feet. The extreme stage of this disturbance is diabetic gangrene. Although danger is being reduced with the continual advance of medical and surgical methods, gangrene is still responsible for a high proportion of diabetic deaths. Efficient treatment at an early stage can prevent or partially relieve the trouble but it cannot provide new arteries. In the most advanced cases, amputation offers the only means of saving life.

Since all diabetic cases differ from each other, some of them never exhibit the typical symptoms. Many patients first become aware that they have diabetes when some complication, even coma or gangrene, develops. Life insurance examinations will frequently uncover the symptomless disease. In doubtful cases, even where sugar is not present in the urine, the physician can make the diagnosis by analysis of the blood sugar or administration of test doses of glucose. The exceptional individual who can ignore his diabetes for twenty years with apparent impunity should not serve as a model

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for other patients, nor should he imagine himself actually immune from ultimate consequences. Such persons carry the constant risk of complications and the certainty of arteriosclerosis. They make a large contribution to the diabetic death-rate. Early diagnosis offers the easiest control of diabetes and the greatest precaution for the future.

III

What causes diabetes? Theoretically, if diabetes is a deficiency of insulin, the cause of the deficiency is not superficially evident. Examination of the pancreas and its islands of Langerhans usually reveals only slight visible abnormalities or none at all. New theories have arisen with the discovery of the pituitary gland as a powerful diabetic influence. The evidence still stands firm that the pancreas is the central factor in diabetes, but time may reveal new, complex factors.

On the practical side, we must discuss heredity, body weight and nervous factors as causative elements. Heredity, in medical phraseology, is one pre-disposing cause of diabetes. Few people have complete knowledge of diseases in their ancestry, but in general we are able to answer the hereditary problem in the following ways:

First, the hereditary tendency is evident in a considerable proportion of cases, but not in all. An individual may be a carrier or transmitter of the tendency without himself ever developing the disease. Second, there is a notoriously high prevalence of diabetes among certain races, particularly the Jews and Hindus. If we grant a primary racial predisposition of unknown origin, this tendency can be transmitted readily by imbreeding, and accentuated by habits of sedentary life, rich diet and obesity. Third, we must consider a question asked by many diabetics: Will my children become diabetic? The answer is that marriage is unwise between diabetics or strongly diabetic families, because the disease may occur in the offspring. The chance of inheritance becomes smaller in proportion as diabetic cases are few among the blood relatives. The marriage of a diabetic to someone whose ancestry is genuinely free of the disease should produce non-diabetic children and the breeding in or breeding out of the tendency will then depend upon the matings of these children. Properly guided marriage and parenthood need not nowadays be denied to diabetic men or women, since many of them have eminent qualities of character and mind

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well worth perpetuating. There are outstanding people in every walk of life who are diabetics.

Body weight ranks high among the predisposing influences in diabetes. Wrong diet, physical inactivity and obesity are certain to bring on diabetes in any person who has even a slight predisposition. The incidence of diabetes among very stout people is strikingly high. Dr. Joslin has proven statistically that some 90 per cent of all adult diabetics have been above average normal weight before the onset of the disease. It is not only sugar which is dangerous as a food, nor does sugar alone cause diabetes. The greatest danger consists in becoming fat from any kind of food. The most effective safeguard for any predisposed person is to follow healthful rules of diet and exercise and keep his weight at, or even slightly below, the normal average.

Another reputed causative factor in diabetes is nervous influence, which gives rise to much provocative discussion. Many persons believe that the stress of civilized life, physical shock, worry, emotional shock and mental strain can bring on diabetes. Doctors know, with fair definiteness now, that the actual causation of diabetes by physical or psychic shock in a previously healthy person is not likely. Insane patients, who suffer more than any normal person from intense and prolonged excitement or anxiety, do not ordinarily develop diabetes.

There is a genuine possibility, however, that an injury may fan diabetes into flame where it already exists as a tendency. Our courts are continually besieged with damage claims based on the real or fancied effects of accidents in connection with diabetes.

Especially interesting is the effect of war on the problem of diabetes. Sugar rationing in this country will probably not be sufficient to make any appreciable difference. But, insofar as reduced diet and increased exercise prevail among individuals during wartime, bodily weight will be diminished and diabetes reduced. Statistics from World War I are especially illuminating. The incidence and death rate of diabetes were strikingly reduced in Europe during that period. All the physical and nervous injuries sustained by soldiers, all the worry and grief of their relatives at home, failed to produce diabetes. The extensive undernutrition, however, served to prevent the outbreak of many latent cases, and to prolong life in many actual diabetics.

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IV

Treatment for diabetes is effective in two forms only. One is by a reduction of the patient's diet to a point where the insulin supplied by his own pancreas is sufficient to meet the body's needs. The other is by obtaining insulin from animal glands and injecting it into patients to overcome the deficiency. No additional form of treatment, and particularly no medicine given by mouth, is of the slightest value.

If the dietary method is chosen, diet must be reckoned in terms of carbohydrates, proteins and fats, and the entire diet calculated in calories. Carbohydrates include sugars and starches. Proteins are supplied by meat, fish, eggs, cheese. In the most severe cases, this diet must be determined mathematically, but the majority of cases are sufficiently mild to permit of approximate estimations. The primary purpose of the diet, of course, is to maintain a body weight not above and possibly a few pounds below the normal average for height and age. To be careful of sugars and starches alone is not sufficient. Correct treatment takes account of all elements in the diet, with a view to combining them in proper balance.

Insulin, a *control* and not a *cure* for diabetes, is used by doctors where the disease is too severe to respond to the dietary treatment alone. Insulin is not a drug. It merely supplies something natural and necessary to the body. It is not habit-forming, since a patient with proper precaution can cease using it and be no worse off than before. Insulin is harmless, unless taken in overdose, when symptoms of "insulin shock" or "reaction" sound a warning. In most cases, these attacks are easily prevented, and can be cured by the administering of a little sugar or fruit juice. *The popular fallacy that insulin permits the diabetic to eat everything at will must be eradicated.* In the normal individual, the pancreas is adjusted to provide automatically enough insulin for all the kinds and quantities of food that enter the body. But when insulin is administered artificially, it can only be in the form of a dose proportionate to a fixed diet. If the diet is erratic, the supply of insulin will be either too large or too small.

There are still a few lingering fears and prejudices against insulin among the general public. The use of it is particularly denounced in anti-vivisection literature, chiefly because the discovery was made by experiments on dogs and could not have been made in any other way. Such literature emphasizes the par-

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adox that diabetic death rates have risen since the introduction of insulin. We can answer this argument in several ways:

First, the general level of public nutrition has risen in recent years as the working classes have attained higher standards of living. Naturally, with improved diet, the incidence of diabetes increased. Today, diabetes is no longer a rich man's disease, but this has nothing to do with insulin and thousands of diabetics can certify to the benefits of insulin in their own cases and especially in diabetic children. Secondly, the average individual lives longer today than he did a hundred years ago, which means that a greater number of people now reach the mature age at which diabetes is most prevalent. Third, advances in treatment have made it possible for increasing numbers of diabetics to marry and have children, so that diabetes is transmitted by heredity to a new generation. This factor, indeed, will be even more significant as time goes on.

Actually, the introduction of insulin has cut the death rate of diabetics. Diabetics can often live as long as healthy individuals, and insurance and medical statistics now demonstrate the lengthening of their lives. Where fear prevents certain ignorant persons from using insulin, these people should be taught that their fear is a delusion. To lie to such persons is equivalent to murder. Neglected diabetes is the same insidious and fatal disease it always was and it behooves the present-day diabetic to rejoice in his good fortune as the heir of all the hard-won knowledge of science through the ages.

Let us exhort patients to consult a doctor immediately, in all suspected cases. The statement that diet and insulin are the only effective treatments should not mislead affected individuals into attempting their own therapy. Supervision by a qualified physician is imperative. True, patients are encouraged to learn everything possible about the subject, to take charge of their own diets, even to make their own urine tests. But every case is different, and changeable under changing conditions. Moreover, the subject is so complex that, despite all the knowledge which medicine has accumulated, there are still scarcely two physicians or specialists who use precisely the same methods. Some of the differences are extreme, but in my opinion, the strict standard of maintaining a constantly sugar-free urine and normal blood sugar is becoming accepted among physicians.

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The ultimate cure is still to be discovered. It is safe to estimate that where diabetic afflictions and deaths still occur, they are almost entirely the results of ignorance or carelessness. The feasible goal of all treatment is to permit every diabetic to live out his full lifetime in comfort and in safety.

And this we will be able to do when science finds the secret of hereditary control and the resultant mastery of an affliction as old as mankind.

THE RETURNED

(For V. M.)

By Elma Dean

War is a paper word, a sound on air
And still not touching us. We are quite free
To make our songs and slogans and to wear
Our colors on our clothes for all to see.
But he was there. He knows how very small
Men are or else how big when faced with death —
Knows some will run, some hold the failing wall
Only with courage and their final breath.
He has new quietness that seems to say:
The spirit's size is all there is to man —
That boasting mouths will ultimately pray . . .
And what we must, kill, die or starve, we can.
There is a gentleness upon his face
As though he sees us from a far-off place.

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THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Dirty Work At The Crossroads

Commonsensorship. — It is the invariable fashion for critics to start off any discussion of censorship with the flat assertion that, whatever the nature of the case at issue, they are on general principles lock, stock and barrel against it. In this respect, I fear that I am out of fashion. While I am against most of censorship as it is usually practiced, I am not against certain elements of it as it might be practiced. And if this be treason, just hold your horses a few minutes anyway until I explain.

I am decidedly against all censorship on moral grounds, but I am equally for it on esthetic grounds. So, too, are the selfsame critics who allege that they arbitrarily oppose all censorship yet heatedly condemn as unfit for public consumption at least one out of every dozen plays produced during a season. Thus, along with the moralists but for a different reason, I favored the suppression of the burlesque show, *Wine, Women and Song* not because it was dirty, which it wasn't, but because it was contemptible in its money-grubbing cheapness, and consequently a slap in any decent theatre's face. So far as dirt went, it contained just one single, solitary, dirty line and a dance in which a semi-nude contortionist pornographically palpitated her rear. In every other respect it was a great deal less dirty than some such critically unimpeachable play as, say, Dekker's celebrated *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. And if defensively you ask me to define exactly what I mean by dirty, I tell you to go hang, since you know every bit as well as I do what I mean by it.

Nevertheless, I gratuitously give you an idea of what I specifically think is dirty and properly censorable and what, though it may be thought by some to be so, is not. Along with the above mentioned and generally innocuous *Wine, Women and Song*, exhibits to whose attention official censorship were brought by Archbishop Spellman and the Catholic Theatre Movement were the musical show *By Jupiter*, the burlesque revue, *Star*

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and Garter, the comedy based on burlesque called *Strip For Action* and, peculiarly enough, the Richard Wright-Paul Green drama of the Negro in a white man's world, *Native Son*. Let us regard these in the order named.

By Jupiter is not by any stretch of the imagination dirty, save possibly for one little negligible line of dialogue, yet its general business of harping upon masculine effeminacy is nauseating, the difference between the two being the difference between the result of seasickness and seasickness itself. To bid its suppression on dirty grounds is unjustified. To bid it on grounds of tedious offensiveness would be legitimate.

The burlesque revue, *Star and Garter*, had several elements that should have been censored from any point of view. The number in which a woman named Finnell tossed her breasts around was not only disgusting but dirty, and I was for any censor who would pull the chain on it. The hideous nudity of most of the chorus females, while no more harmful to public morals than so many photographs of war atrocities, was nevertheless almost as repulsive to the sensibilities of anyone above the level of an Italian opera singer and its censorship was called for as a boon to rather more refined taste. A song called "The Bunny," sung by a young girl, was admittedly smutty but it was also amusing, and should accordingly have been left alone. A dirty line in the skit called *That Merry Wife of Windsor*, along with a basically dirty idea in a skit called *The Sacred Gherkin*, a paraphrase of the famous boloney sausage act in the old burlesque shows, was also funny and hence to be freely condoned. And Gypsy Rose Lee's strip-tease was done with such cool, good style and with such good, easy humor that it wouldn't have put wrong ideas into the head of even George Washington.

Strip For Action, to continue, contained a couple of harmless physiological allusions, an episode in which a concupiscent soldier invaded a chorus girl's dressing-room, a line about a girl's failure to observe the flowers in the woods because the position she was in at the time obscured her vision, and a reference to a young man's virginity, all cheaply vulgar but surely not conducive to any public morals damage. And as for the strip-tease which it exhibited, it was so overladen with low comedy that it became a perfectly innocent business.

In regard to *Native Son*, it is difficult to detect anything in it that might possibly be looked upon

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as censorable by anyone not overly squeamish. The scene in which the white girl makes a physical approach to the Negro and that in which the Negro invades her bedroom are honest drama, sensational as the Broadway word has it, true enough, but wholly justifiable in the drama's terms. Were censorship to attempt to interfere with the play on any such grounds, I should be the first — though I don't esteem the play itself overmuch — to raise the roof with my indignant yells.

So much for that.

When censorship back in 1927 haled Mae West's *Sex* into court it had my full support, since the play was plain pornographic garbage. When censorship in 1928 raided Mae West's *Pleasure Man*, it similarly had my full support, since the play was foul homosexual junk, with no other purpose than to convert the theatre into a lucrative male brothel, and as a drama critic who had viewed it on the road I tried to do my writing bit to get rid of it even before the censors got busy. But, in the same way, as a drama critic I tried to do my writing bit to prevent censorship from interfering with the wholly upright and meritorious Bourdet's *The Captive*, even though it presented female degeneracy in a manner that might contribute to female delinquency.

The whole question of censorship, as I see it, rests upon this single question: Is the play, whatever its nature, decently inspired or is it not? If censorship and the law wish to suppress such indecently dirty plays as, for example, the Langners' *Suzanna and the Elders*, William Grew's *The Mating Season*, Vincent Lawrence's *Washington Heights*, Henry Rosendahl's *Strip Girl*, or the Hecht-Fowler *The Great Magoo*, they may go ahead with my complete permission. Not that the plays would harm anyone — they are too oppressively dull for that — but that they harm the theatre's honorable name. Yet, strangely enough, censorship allows many such shabby, dirty plays to go their ways unmolested. But when and if censorship so much as opens its mouth even half an inch against any such decently dirty play as Schnitzler's *Reigen*, Wedekind's trilogy *In Full Cry* or Feydeau's light *Get Busy With Amélie* it may count on me to use every trick I know, fair or Jap, to help give it the beating of its life.

* * *

Blood Into Tea. — Gilbert Miller has by now produced more English plays attesting, in time of peace, to the irresistible charm of English

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persons of title and, in time of war, to the silent fortitude and insouciant heroism of the English than Al Woods in his long heyday ever produced American plays uniformly denying, in Walter Prichard Eaton's old phrase, that beds are sometimes also used for sleeping purposes. It seemingly has come to the pass where Mr. Miller finds it impossible to resist any script sent to him with a stamp bearing the likeness of King George. Let even something like *Popsy*, that local finnan haddie, come along with the scene laid in England, with Popsy named Basil Mountjoy and with an allusion in it to the way Popsy, alias Basil, bore up under the Nazi air blitz or the way in which he quietly is doing his bit to help win the war by joining the Royal Navy in the capacity of Admiral Sir Esme Ivor Devonshire's valet and, provided it contains a tribute to the RAF for good measure, Gilbert is right in there pitching to Sullivan, with the band playing *Onward, Christian Soldiers* on all twenty bass drums. That he missed producing *The Wookey* can only be accounted for in that the stamps on the script bafflingly bore the even more baffling features of Abe Lincoln. That he missed producing *The Morning Star* simply can't be accounted for at all.

Mr. Miller doubtless likes to believe that his presentations of these British testimonials are in the cause of desirable propaganda, though how a succession of very bad and very dull plays is expected to foster a deep respect for our English allies I, for one, can not make out. Aside from the obvious fact that any English propaganda, even if tip-top, is at this stage of the game as wholly unnecessary and redundant as propaganda designed to persuade us that the Nazis are lowdown, nogood sons-of-boches, it seems to me that Mr. Miller does the England he cherishes a considerable disservice in putting on these many exhibits that, by virtue of their total lack of merit, reflect disastrously on her playwrights, make unintentional mock of her men at arms and civilians by disclosing them as grease-paint hams, and in the aggregate bore the ears off even the most sympathetic American theatregoer.

Lifeline, by Norman Armstrong, which opened and closed in the same week, thus amounted to just another waste of Mr. Miller's fond faith, time and effort. An Oolong meller of the brave boys of the British Merchant Marine, it was so sketchily amateurish in execution that the essentially heroic theme was reduced to the propor-

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tions of some such melodramatic comic strip as *Vic Jordan*. If its fabricators overlooked any old seaplay stencil, one didn't know what it was. The gruff, surly, bewhiskered old seadog of a captain, the serio-comic steward, the awkward young apprentice who trips over himself when he carries a tray in or out of the galley, the sailor who worships his wife as an angel of purity and the revelation that, unknown to him, she is a loose fish, the wistful playing of sentimental phonograph records, the mouth-watering description of the delicious meals to be had on land, the ailing master who gags when they give him water in place of rum — all were present, and many more like them.

P. S. Mr. Miller has also recently produced the English Terence Rattigan's dish of Orange Pekoe about the RAF, *Flare Path*. Criticism unnecessary.

* * *

The Real Article. — In Dan James' *Winter Soldiers*, produced by Shepard Traube, we find, on the other hand and for a welcome change, good, honest, full-fisted, unshrinking war melodrama. Here is none of your more usual aspidistra stuff. Dealing with saboteurs in countries occupied by the Nazis, it shows how the best calculations of military masterminds, failing to reckon with the unmathematical emotions and acts of human beings, may be upset and put to naught. It shows, in short, and with a pointed vigor that failed Steinbeck in *The Moon Is Down*, how the conquered may conceivably prevail over their conquerors with little more at their disposal than small railway switches, morale-breaking secret radios, labor strikes, ounces of dynamite, earth-scorching brands, guerilla sniping and other such humble means left to them. And it shows it, through Yugoslav peasant huts to mountain caves and through Polish railroad yards to Russian collective farms, with all such exciting adjuncts of roaring, bloody, old-fashioned, elemental melodrama as sounds of rushing trains, nervously clicking telegraph instruments, rifle fire, breathless telephone messages, intercepted plans, murderous chokings and the like — and, gratefully, with a minimum of rhetorical philosophizing. Save in two or three regrettable particulars as, for example, a rather trying parallel between the defenders of Thermopylæ and the little people of the vanquished countries and some such hokum special as the German general's final speech to the effect that, in the face of the little people's determined heroism, his

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side can not hope to win — save in such lapses the play, which doesn't abandon humor, has a drive and power that have been the portion of scarcely any of its tonier rivals.

Here for a change, to repeat, are no bogus intellectual didoes corrupting straight-out, hard-hitting, purely emotional drama but straight-out, hard-hitting, purely emotional drama naked and unashamed. In other words, the essential, primitive stuff of the theatre of the people.

In the headlong rush of the play, faulty production and dramatic details were overlooked and quickly forgotten. Nazi generals who pronounced it "the Foohrer," Gestapo agents who advised the marshals as to the conduct of their military campaigns, Nazi soldiers going about bareheaded on the freezing Russian steppes, a German general staff that seemed resolutely to abstain from even a suspicion of schnapps — such things that might have induced a critical snigger under other dramatic circumstances were lost sight of in the melodrama's swirling flight. The dear old peanut-gallery was back again, and with improvements.

* * *

The Folk Play. — Even a good folk play loses much of its conviction in the actors' dressing-rooms. When, for example, as in the recent Goodrich-Hackett *The Great Big Doorstep*, one was asked to accept as authentic Cajuns of the Mississippi delta actors with faces as prettily rouged as characters in *Victoria Regina* and actresses with bare legs and backs as smoothly powdered as the dancers in a Felicia Sorel ballet, one was asked just a little too much. Add in the same exhibit shoes evidently from Abercrombie and Fitch's Madison Avenue shop, costumes supervised, according to the program, by Peggy Clark and hair-dos carefully maneuvered by some Fifth Avenue coiffeur, and one was asked even more than that little too much. And add still further a lot of supposedly lowdown, impoverished Cajuns with such symmetrical, white and unbelievably beautiful teeth as one seldom sees this side of a Hollywood movie studio, to say nothing of illiterate Cajuns who indulged in such terms as "coronary thrombosis," of a stage almost as spick and span as a Versailles garden, and of lighting pretty enough to suit a *Follies* stage, and one was to be forgiven for wondering if it was a lot of beggarly Cajuns in beggarly surroundings one had been invited to look at or a revival of *Lord and Lady Algy*.

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Dark Destiny of the Mole

In April or May of the year, in the blackness of an underground chamber beneath a sheltering stump or an old stone wall, four small infant mammals lie together in the security of their birth nest. The grass-lined cavity is dark with the total darkness of subterranean places and there reaches it no sound of the tumultuous spring stir that is occurring in the lighted upper-world. The universe into which the four little mammals have been introduced is a black quietness, cold with the earth's coldness, heavy with the earth smells of roots and damp.

Many mammals are born into a similar initial experience. Young skunks also first know the world as

Mole *Frank Utpatel*

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a burrow darkness, an earth scent, a dim apprehension of the pattering of parental feet in a lightless tunnel. So do young woodchucks or young muskrats. But, for the four little silvery-furred creatures now lying together in the darkness and coldness and silence of their birth world, there is a difference. When the baby woodchuck has grown a little older, he will explore along his earthen tunnel until he has come to its mouth and presently he will go out into the upperworld of sunny meadowland, bright with flowers and sky. The young muskrat will leave his birth tunnel in the bank of the brook, and will come to know the feel of swimming sleekly in the current in the moonlight. But the sharp-muzzled, close-furred baby animal now lying with his fellows in the black little cavity deep under the tree stump will never experience such transitions. He is inhabiting now the only kind of universe that he will ever know. The whole of his life is to be a subterranean darkness, a pressing against him forever of earth walls, an almost blind pursuing of other creatures which, like himself, are inhabitants of the black world underneath the grass roots. For he is a mole.

He remains a long while in the grass-lined nest chamber in which he has been born. A mole is not ready to pursue his difficult, earth-cleaving destiny until he is nearly half grown. For some weeks, perhaps until June has come, he stays quietly in the birth nest. Weaned from the tiny teats of the mole mother, he is given insects, underground grubs and beetles, and grows adroit in pinioning them with a forefoot and tearing away the inedible legs and chitinous wing covers with the sharp little incisors he has developed. Most frequently, he is given earthworms. At first, when his mother drags the squirming pink prey to the nest, she chops the worm body into segments. Later, she presents the worms to him whole and he acquires for himself the traditional mole technique of tearing the long ribbon of flesh into small portions before eating it. Earthworms, the commonest and most easily captured denizens of the dark subterranean mole world, will be the chief staple of his diet all his life. He learns early to know the smell of them; and the touch of their cold, wriggling bodies against his small snout becomes meaningful.

With each passing day in the birth nest, as his infant fur darkens and loses the silvery paleness of his earliest immaturity, he is made more adept in understanding the

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obscure vibrations, scents, pressures, which are all that is given to moles as the data of experience. Quietly he sits, listening. Attentive, he sniffs the pungent darkness, distinguishing the redolences of roots and beetles and earthworm blood and fellow moles. In time he can tell, by the earth vibrance which his sensitive little tail detects, when his mother is coming, somewhere in the far distance of the dark stretching tunnel.

When the time has come for the mole to leave his birthplace and take up the pattern of adult life, he has grown to look nearly like a mature mole. His body is some six inches long. A dense and velvety fur, its short, soft hair having no "set" but brushing either forward or backward with equal readiness, covers the whole of him except for his inch-long, pinkish-white tail and the extremity of his pointed, mobile snout. Fur hides even his tiny ears and eyes — eyes which could see, in any case, no more than the difference between light and dark — and fur extends almost to the tips of his five-clawed feet. His forefeet are the special symbol of his moleness. For the size of his little body, they are gigantic. They are muscular, thick-clawed digging flippers. With the attainment of their growth to maturity, the mole has become ready, now, to set forth upon his own way through the earth darkness. There will be no returning. It is the disposition of a mole to be solitary.

The mole sets out along the passageway through which his mother has come bringing foods for him during his babyhood. The way of his going is a kind of humping and hunching and scrambling; his cumbrous forefeet are not adapted for a facile walking. Shuffling and plodding, halting often to sit upright in the darkness and thrust his quivering little snout this way and that, testing the air for what information its smell may furnish him, the mole progresses along the corridor. The tunnel, as he presently finds, has the structure of a tree. There is the central trunk of it, and then from this there are outbranchings on either side, and from the branches there are further divergences and divagations. The mole takes now a turn to the right, now a turn to the left; now he goes straight ahead. At last, when he has put many twists and turns between himself and the home nest, he halts at a point in the corridor, turns sharply, and attacks the side-wall. He thrusts his lean snout into the loose earth; he paws at it with his stout forefeet; he scrabbles and wriggles and thrusts. He has made the beginning

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of his own tunnel. He has left the old network.

II

For the making of a tunnel network as long and complex as the old one, the mole does not require many days. He progresses through the soil, in an exact analogy, like a swimmer using a breast-stroke. His heavily-clawed little forefeet are brought forward until they meet in front of his snout. Then, with the palms turned out, they are thrust outward and backward and the excavated earth is swept behind the mole's forward-boring body and packed down by its transit. With furious energy, the mole swims through the earth. He moves near the surface, so that the turf of the upperworld is ridged by his going and he pauses only to eat an earthworm, to wait warily when his sensitive body detects the vibration of a near-by tread in the upperworld, to sniff and listen and reconnoiter. In a single night he may go fifty yards. In a pair of nights, he may establish his central sleeping chamber, among tree roots where instinctively he knows there is protection against digging from above, and may complete his main trunk-line communicating with it, and may tentatively have begun half a dozen radiating branches.

Though the mole's life must be forever a darkness, a blind earth imprisonment, it is not a less eventful life, in its way, than other mammal lives lived more awarely and less hiddenly from the sun. When it is day, in the upperworld, the mole drowses in his central chamber. When night comes, and he knows it by the earth coolness, he sets out along his tunnel network to forage. In the cool darkness he shuffles through his labyrinth, mincing earthworms that have strayed there, dissecting brittle beetle bodies to get at their soft abdomens, nuzzling in blind excitement when he smells the formic acid smell of ants. When the impulse moves him, he starts a new tunnel branch, thrusting and flailing his flipper feet. When the soft sound of the summer rain is drummed to him in muffled tattoo, and his tunnel grows humid and heavy with root fragrance, he is stirred by a kind of ecstasy of digging urge, and on such a day, through the rain-softened earth, he sometimes rushes and scrabbles a hundred yards.

Also, outside these routine happenings of his dark little career, there are special events. There comes the time, in the hot drought days of latter summer, when the earth of the mole's runways is dried

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clay-hard, resisting his clawings, and when the air of the underground corridors is stifling. The mole digs downward then, and with furious labor, constructs a sub-labyrinth, down where the deep water-seeking tree roots interlace, where it is forever earth damp and the heat of the sun can never penetrate. Or if, in these deep levels, he finds too many impeding roots and rocks, he starts a lateral branch in a new direction and he continues it night after night, boring with an intense concentration and as nearly straight as he can, until he has traveled far away from his regular territory under the meager turf of lawn or pasture and has come at last to woods. Woods earth is always soft and cool, even in drought season. The mole stays there, under the dark protecting leaf mold, until the fall rains come. Sometimes, if woods are very far from his customary haunts, he may even come up into the upperworld, in some dark midnight, and go briefly overland to his goal . . . blundering blindly, unknowingly, eager only to insert his furry body into the cool, confining earth again.

In the blackness of the runways there are sometimes enemies to be fought. Shrews and mice get in and then there is squeaking and scampering and sightless grappling in the corridors; and when the mole wins, he dissects the bodies with his sharp teeth and eats them as readily as he eats crickets. In the late autumn there is the invasion of the frost and then the mole withdraws to his sub-labyrinth, and carries grass roots and leaves through the darkness to the nethermost chamber, and is ready for the winter. He does not hibernate. All winter long, while snow lies drifted above him in the upperworld, he continues pattering through his black corridors. There are still earthworms, down below the frost. There are cicada grubs and May-beetle grubs.

In the spring of his second year, there is a tumult in the mole, as in mammals of the upperworld. Obscure desire seizes him. The instincts and impulsions that have guided him upon his blind rounds of hunting and tunnelling urge him now to seek the runways of other moles. He is stirred to sniff the fur of the males he meets, and to seize them by the throat, and to kill them if he can. He is brought at last, fulfillingly, to where in some underground corridor there is a female mole. In the earth darkness, unseen by one another, they lie with small body pressed against small body, and there is completed the cycle which is the dark blind destiny of moles.

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THE LIBRARY

By Richard Lee Strout

The Postwar World

After 150 years of dodging the rôle, is America going to end up as a Great Power?

That is the question prompted by the books on postwar problems now coming off the presses in increasing number. The sense of victory ahead is stirring up a wholesome anxiety about the patterns of life to emerge from the holocaust. Recent books on postwar problems seem less theoretical than they would have, let us say, six months ago. The action in North Africa, better news out of the Pacific, echoes of the despair spreading through Italy and even through Germany — all of these make consideration of postwar tasks concrete and urgent.

These books have no uniformity of style save a certain tendency to didactic omniscience. But on one point they agree — a point that may prove disconcerting to a great many Americans. They agree on the extraordinary new stature that America has acquired in the war. The war has crushed France, and will crush Germany and Japan. Britain is a nation of only forty-five million with limited resources. One-third of Russia has been overrun, while its industrial life is only starting. But the immediate and available productivity of uninvaded America has jumped by leaps and bounds and is now unique. And the rest of the world is acutely aware of this, whether Americans are or not.

The United States will emerge from the war the richest, most powerful, most commanding nation on earth. Its every mood and whim will be studied abroad, its every action will be decisive, even, curiously enough, if it takes no action at all. In a negative but none the less actual sense, that will be decisive, too. America will be so important, all the writers emphasize, that even its internal affairs will take on international significance. That is why books on America's domestic postwar problems must be included in this brief examination. Except for self-sufficient Russia, the other nations probably cannot stay solvent very

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long if the United States goes into another 1929 tailspin. That prompts J. B. Condliffe in his *Agenda for a Postwar World*[1] to comment that "a strong and prosperous United States is the most important contribution that Americans can make to the reorganization of the postwar world."

Some of the books deal primarily with world problems, like Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer's ambitious *Victory Is Not Enough*[2] and Henry Bamford Parkes' *The World After War*.[3] On the domestic side, the Twentieth Century Fund has chartered Stuart Chase to write a whole series of outline books in his well-known vein on the general subject of *When the War Ends*, the first two of which have now appeared: *The Road We Are Travelling, 1914–1942*, and *Goals for America*.[4]

I would include also a study which scarcely mentions Europe and world problems at all: Henry Hazlitt's *A New Constitution Now*.[5] Mr. Hazlitt, an editorial writer on the New York *Times*, boldly proposes a radical change in American government by scrapping the Constitution's airtight separation of executive and legislative functions and substituting a cabinet organization on the parliamentary model. Whether one agrees with it or not, Mr. Hazlitt's book ought to be included because it exposes the kind of difficulties we face in getting rigid American governmental machinery to function in the complicated global problems ahead, which demand above all things flexibility, continuity and speed. The founding fathers who set up a radical little democracy on the edge of the New World could not foresee the time when bankrupt Europe would implore America's leadership and, consequently, they put their emphasis on delay rather than action. The first half of his book gives a terrifying picture of the kind of thing the world is up against in seeking American assistance, as for example, the two-thirds' majority required in the Senate for ratifying treaties, where the Senators of seventeen states containing only a fraction of the total population can effectively block international co-operation.

There is a marked attempt at realism in the new crop of postwar studies. Their authors agree that probably neither the United States nor other Allied powers will accept a super-government, and most of them think a World State is out.

[1] $2.50. *Norton.*
[2] $3.00. *Norton.*
[3] $2.50. *Crowell.*
[4] $1.00 each. *Twentieth Century Fund.*
[5] $2.50. *Whittlesey House.*

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Many ask whether any permanent agreement is possible. In fact, there is a notable undercurrent of pessimism in some of the volumes and it is perhaps significant that, in the midst of a world conflict with hopes of victory visibly brightening, many authors of the democratic countries see only a step or two ahead and are appalled by the problems that loom after the war.

II

On at least three broad generalizations, however, current books agree. One is that modern air power, with its capacity for surprise attack, makes the need for some kind of world peace machinery all the more urgent, even though, by the same token, long-range modern aviation will make police work on an international scale easier, once it is organized. The second is that the victory of the United Nations will find the world at least half disarmed, so that a chance to save civilization by working out a peace formula may be therewith presented. And finally, there is agreement that in the postwar world, force must be necessary.

On that last point, there is practical unanimity. Somebody once described the League of Nations as an "international debating society composed of pacifist governments." It was the unwillingness of the democracies to use force, when they had the power, that paved the way for Hitler. In any realistic approach to postwar security, both the willingness and the ability to use coercive power is requisite. "If human beings are no longer to be warlike, then war must first be made impossible," Professor Parkes declares, "and this can only be done by assuming a willingness to co-operate which does not exist. . . ."

Dr. Parkes was born in England but is American by adoption and teaches at New York University. He proposes at one point the establishment of a joint Anglo-American naval and air force, at least five times stronger than that of any other power, Russia and China excepted. His reasoning raises the dilemma that faces all who see little hope of a revived League, except in a consultative capacity. Lacking specific international organization, something obviously is still desperately needed to keep the peace and prevent a new war, twenty years hence. But what shall it be?

The most common proposal is for a rough agreement between the four *status quo* powers, America, Britain, Russia and China, to pre-

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serve world order and peg down peace in the four corners of the globe. But can these powers stay united, any more than the victors in World War I? Where does mankind's greater hope for security lie, in a new attempt at a definite world structure or in the loose organization of the new allies?

The choice, at least according to Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer, has already been made. Reluctantly, he subscribes to the theory of the *status quo* alliance. After summarizing postwar trends in all the four allied nations, he concludes they are unprepared for any superstate:

> We must squarely face the fact that the next step cannot be a world peace agency. The conclusion that we have reluctantly reached is of deadly seriousness. It suggests that the postwar world, like the world of the preceding period, will have to forego a supreme arbiter. It will be a world without collective security.

Ranshofen-Wertheimer was an Austrian air ace in World War I. He later became a foreign correspondent, then a diplomat, and is now, like Dr. Parkes, a professor in an American college. His book has the considerable advantage of a first-hand knowledge of both American and European viewpoints, including the German. Its highlight is a brilliant discussion on the psychology of the Germans when their deified Nazi superstate finally crashes. For Germans, he points out, it will be the end of the world. Masses of them still sincerely believe that European civilization hangs on their own fate. But here another element of German mysticism enters. The old Germans believed the outcome of a battle was a *Gottesgericht*, a judgment of the gods. The victor is not only stronger, he is right. And so it may be after this war, says the author. If the signs of defeat are unmistakably displayed, the ancient fatalistic belief that might makes right will be accepted. It will be necessary to exact stunning sacrifices from the Germans in order to create the shock needed for their conversion. Just but stern measures must be taken and taken quickly. Then the very tendency of the Germans to docility, and their submission to strong leadership, he believes, may be invaluable in restoring them to the family of nations.

But is the possibility of a world peace agency really excluded? It is a question that runs through all the books. J. B. Condliffe meets it with a solemn prophecy:

> Unless they take up and carry through the task of devising a form of world order in which aggression clearly will not pay, the war will probably have to be fought again. The aggressors have

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come close to winning this war. If there is another war, a generation hence, they may come closer still.

As an economist, Dr. Condliffe rightly links up all sorts of matters to the postwar riddle, for his book is what its title suggests, an agenda, or detailed outline of world problems. He raises these problems and to a terrifying number of them adds, as a sort of footnote, that world peace hinges on a successful solution — and then moves on brightly to the next. The alarmed reader is not cheered by the reflection that Dr. Condliffe is probably right.

III

A less pretentious little text, *Peace Plans and American Choices*, by Arthur C. Millspaugh,[6] frankly adopts the pro-and-con technique of outlining the various proposals for achieving durable peace, and offers major arguments for and against each one, without rendering any final judgment. This skillful if noncommittal treatment has one great advantage: it winnows down the problem into understandable form for comparative purposes and it makes an invaluable debater's guide for the great argument ahead. The presentation deepens the reader's cumulative conviction that no possible plan, no matter how good, can be offered which will not have some cogent arguments against it, and that, as the foreword says, "There is no such thing as an unobjectionable way to prevent war. . . . Risks must be run."

This same inescapable conclusion, of risks to be run whatever choice is taken, follows the reading of Stuart Chase's lively survey of domestic problems. The first of the two books in his series, particularly, is an extraordinarily readable survey of recent American trends and its thesis, like that of the second, is that there can be no return to "normalcy."

Incidentally, you get for your money in these books Stuart Chase's own estimate of the New Deal. He sees Roosevelt as the great extemporizer who met economic problems as they arose, but with no considered philosophy behind his action. The President has always tried to shore up capitalism, says Mr. Chase (who does not seem especially grateful to him for it), even while most of his critics declared he was pulling it down. The New Deal is like insulin, he concludes: now necessary for the patient, but incapable in itself of effecting a permanent cure.

[6] $1.00. *Brookings Institution.*

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What can be said in summary of all these books? Perhaps Stuart Chase provides the text, though indirectly. We can never return again to "normalcy," he says. This holocaust may wind up in another Harding, but that will not be the answer. The Harding philosophy seemed the final answer in 1920. But in the domestic field, that kind of thinking launched the boom that blew up and nearly wrecked the nation in 1929; and in the international field, it killed the League and helped to get us into the present war. We can see clearly now that our national philosophy then was the wrong answer, and perhaps because of the experience, shall do better this time.

But in any case, as all the books illustrate in one way or another, some risks must be taken. To many of us, the proposal of the so-called "realists" for a postwar alliance of the four *status quo* powers appears to be just as great a risk as outright revival of the League, or some new association of nations. And here again, Mr. Chase has contrived to express, in negative fashion, the wisdom of a whole generation: "A League without bombers is only a debating society."

A conviction that the most telling decisions — affecting the fate of mankind — will be made primarily by the United States is implicit and explicit in all the recent writing on after-the-war problems. America's "rendezvous with destiny" is now the central fact of world history.

"Well, if you don't like this country, we'll send you back where I came from!"

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THE OPEN FORUM

HITLER'S FALL AS A POLITICAL QUESTION

SIR: As Nazi Germany's military position deteriorates, the significance of the morale factor increases. Now, in particular, it is of supreme importance that the United Nations make all possible use of direct and indirect means of influencing the morale of the German masses.

That influence depends in the first place, it seems to me, on the working out and announcement of an Allied policy towards the German people. The decisive value of Woodrow Wilson's inspired policy of the Fourteen Points was that it led the Germans to regard peace as a positive gain for themselves (despite the defeat) and not merely as the termination of a miserable state of affairs.

Up to the present, the Allies have not succeeded in presenting any such policy for the German nation, perhaps because they are themselves far from clear on their prospective attitude toward a post-Hitler Germany. The clearest — and hence the most successful — expression of view is that of Russia. In his pronouncements of February 23, May 1 and November 7, 1942, Stalin has reiterated solemnly and emphatically that Russia has no intention of destroying Germany, nor of punishing the German people. When the battle for Stalingrad had reached its apex, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Stalin addressed the German nation thus:

> "It is not our aim thus to destroy Germany, for *it is impossible to destroy Germany, just* as it is impossible to destroy Russia. . . . It is not our aim to destroy all military force in Germany, for every literate person will understand that this is not only impossible in regard to Germany, as it is in regard to Russia, but it is also inadvisable from the viewpoint of the future."

This was the tone which the German nation hopes to hear. In particular, it is the offer desired by the German Generals, who are in search of encouragement in finding a way out. These Generals, we may be sure, have not missed Stalin's clear meaning. Neither have they overlooked — as most Americans and British seem to have done — the implication of Stalin's statement to Harry Hopkins that he is not opposed to the German people *or the German General Staff*, but only to Hitler. Small wonder that even the most determined anti-communists among my friends inside Germany write me: "We have no other choice but to come to an understanding with Moscow."

In the light of this German mood, the treatment of the Darlan problem by Washington acquires additional meaning: There can be no doubt that the German Generals interpret it as a straw in the wind — as a sign that they, too, may come to some understanding under certain circumstances. Indeed, I am convinced that the Stalin statements and the Washington policy on Darlan have strengthened the position of the Generals, who are unmistakably preparing for coming events.

Several months ago I analyzed, in the AMERICAN MERCURY, the struggle between the Nazi Party and the Army. I showed why the "withdrawal of Generals from responsibility" must be understood as the first preparatory action on their part. This action has now been concluded with the resignation of the Chief of the General Staff, Halder, and forty-two other Generals. Today, Hitler alone is responsible in the eyes of the German people, not only for bringing about the war, but for its prosecution and its result. That is precisely what the Army leaders wanted!

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Before they can proceed to their inevitable offensive against Hitler, two other conditions must be fulfilled:

1. The *putsch* of the Generals must appear to the German people as an action of rescue and not as a "stab in the back."

2. The Allies must declare that they do not envision a partition of Germany or the punishment of the whole German people, but only seek to make Germany powerless and to punish the "Hitler criminals."

The first of these conditions has come near to fulfillment in the failure of the summer offensive in Russia, the defeat of Rommel, and the British-American occupation of French North Africa. The defection of Italy would be all that is needed to make the picture clear to the German people. The second condition, however, has been understood only by Russia. Washington has not yet spoken at all on the German postwar problem, and from London, we hear only a chaotic chorus from extreme Right to extreme Left, further complicated by threats of the governments-in-exile.

The fall of Hitler today is no longer simply a military *but a political* question!

OTTO STRASSER

Montreal,
Canada.

SOLDIER'S POEM

SIR: My outfit had been having its collective hide worked off on details that would better fit a chain gang. I thought something ought to be done about it. So I wrote the following ditty and pinned it to a bulletin board. Since I don't care for Kay Pee, and still less for the guardhouse, I did not append my name. Within twenty-four hours, the thing mysteriously appeared on every bulletin board on the post. My backbone rattled with fear: if the CO read it! He read it all right, and this is it:

Loud shriek the shells of battle,
Bombs spray the earth with gore;
Dead are men of good mettle,
Nations are dying at war.
Freedom is choking for breath,
Loud are the cries of death —
And recruits rake stones.

We are recruits of the 69th.
No war for us, you bet.
We are recruits of the 69th.
Men of fatigue and sweat.

Soldiers of Midway and Wake,
Americans dead on Bataan;
Others will die for your sake,
Vengeance will carry on.
Warriors singing in battle,
Killing the Japs like cattle —
While recruits rake stones.

Fall out, fall in at seven-thirty,
Smart in denim clothes.
Find a job that's good and dirty
And add it to our woes.
Work us all the day and night,
Give us anything but fight.
Let recruits rake stones.

What happened? The CO smiled grimly and set to work. Things were turned upside down for a bit, but conditions were changed. The boys are still "Men of fatigue and sweat," but they now acquire the title honorably. They're doing work that befits a soldier. More strenuous even, but fitting. That's the way our Army does things. The right way!

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

EQUALITY IS IMPOSSIBLE

SIR: Apropos of the many schemes being explained these days for bringing peace, happiness and equality to all mankind, it is well to remember that the road to heaven, too, is paved with good intentions. That's why so few get there. Somewhere along the road, they are forced to detour, and as like as not, find themselves heading the opposite direction.

I don't for a moment question the fine motives of the variegated peace planners. But fine motives are not enough to overcome physical barriers. Since the dawn of history, living creatures, from the lowliest to the highest (meaning ourselves), have conducted

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a struggle for survival. In order that one might live, dozens and maybe hundreds of others have died. Why assume that precisely now, in the fifth decade of the twentieth century, the struggle will suddenly be suspended?

There are differences between individuals, between racial strains, between countries, between any categories you care to mention. The variety shows up in diverse standards of living and gradations of cultural status. What is true of people is true of countries. No matter how you reorganize the world, there will be Great Powers and countries without any power. Some will develop the wisdom and the enterprise to raise their living levels; others will benefit from the accident of their resources. And of one thing you may be sure — *that the nations which have more will want to protect their advantage.* That means tariff walls, immigration laws, "exploitation" of more backward parts of the globe, armaments to back up possession, juggling of currencies, diplomatic skullduggery, etc.

I yield to none in abstract good will. But when it comes to concrete action, I believe (despite the misuse of the words by short-sighted isolationists) in America first. Churchill has stated that he will not yield the British Empire. We Americans should make it no less clear that we do not intend to yield things that are deeply American — such as our superior living standards. A better world — but a better and more prosperous America first, say I. In any scheme for reforming mankind, the first test should be: "How will it affect *us*?" If the answer is unsatisfactory, the scheme should be automatically discarded.

B. Lorry Caplan

Chicago, Illinois.

NOTE

Sholem Asch wishes to acknowledge the assistance of John de Forest in the preparation of "I Adopt An Ancestor," which appeared in the January issue of Mercury. It was the author's first attempt to write in English and Mr. de Forest aided him in matters of rhetoric.

ARE WOMEN OVER FORTY-FIVE PEOPLE?

Sir: In a recent article in the American Mercury, Dr. Louis I. Dublin describes the progress made in extending the duration of life. Having been married to a former colleague of Dr. Dublin's, and knowing others engaged in intensive efforts to prolong life, I have repeatedly asked these savants: "How are those dependent upon their own efforts for an income to earn a living during these additional years if, regardless of how hale and hearty they may be, the tendency continues to discard persons over forty-five, particularly for new jobs?"

I have had no satisfactory answer. Today this answer is of prime importance to me and thousands of others. . . . I am sixty-two. Physically and mentally, I feel no older now than during World War I, when I handled a job requiring the maximum of administrative and organizational ability and physical endurance. . . . I have worked harder than the majority of my friends and acquaintances. . . .

Regardless of my physical and mental condition, for the first time in my life I have been unemployed for more than a year. . . . Fields of activity have narrowed for job seekers, except those possessing highly technical and mechanical skills. I have tried every field where I could hope legitimately to find employment. At the numerous privately supported organizations, of the type I have always been associated with, I was told there were no paid positions. . . . The United States Employment Service in two cities was consulted repeatedly. They were fairly encouraging after studying my record. Eight months have elapsed. The only position they offer is pasting labels on bottles in a distillery.

. . . . I have tried my luck repeatedly at securing "anything." Employers are cordial until they discover my age. So here I am, an American-born citizen, with physical and mental endurance, unable to help in the war effort or to earn a living.

Mabel Jacques Eichel

Georgetown, Connecticut.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

FREDERICK M. ALLEN, former editor of *The Journal of Metabolic Research*, is one of the country's foremost authorities on diabetes, and has published two books on the subject. He is on the staff of the New York Polyclinic Hospital.

GEORGE BIJUR is now a captain in the American Army Air Force, stationed in England.

[illegible] HABE, author of *A Thousand Shall Fall*, has just completed a novel, which will be published by Harcourt, Brace under the title *Katherine*.

[illegible] HECHT is the well-known playwright, novelist and scenario writer. With Charles MacArthur, he wrote the play *The Front Page*; his novels include *Eric Dorn*, *Count Bruga*, and *A Jew in Love*.

[illegible] HOLMAN, a farmer by choice and the son of farmers, is also a frequent contributor to magazines.

KLAUS MANN was born in Munich in 1906, the eldest son of the novelist Thomas Mann. He left the Reich in 1933 and has been in the United States since 1936. His most recent book is *The Turning Point*.

[illegible]Y SMITH has been with International News Service for fifteen years. In 1941, he won the National Headliners Club Award for Washington correspondence.

[illegible]GE WILLIS is at work on a novel which will be brought out this year as "an AMERICAN MERCURY book" by Doubleday, Doran.

BLAN VAN URK is a trained investigator, specialist in public relations, economist and former newspaperman.

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What W... YOU Do-

IF because of your perfect resemblance to another you were sent on a dangerous spy mission into Nazi-l...

AND there you fell heir to the other man's two ... love affairs?

ONE task alone was foremost in the mind of ... Hearne when he landed by parachute near the village of St. Deodat in Brittany; to find out how and the Nazis were to use the co... France. As a B... Intelligence O... he was risking ... thing. His ... depended on th... that h... yond any qu... wounded Frenc... dier who had ... ingly made ... this daring exc... of identity.

At St. D... found that ... Pinot, the Fr... man's fiancée, ... cepted" him — ... manner he h... expected. And

(Continued on... side of this ...

SEE OTHER ... OF THIS C...

Then Mail T... No Stamp ...

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